

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

THE HUMAN RECIPIENT OF THE DIVINE REVELATION, AND THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE THOUGHT.

A Sermon by BISHOP FOSTER, preached at the Second Fraternal Camp Meeting, held at Round Lake.

Reported by Rev. S. M. Sizer.

[Concluded.]

"This leads me to remark (and I pass the discussion; it just projects itself upon my mind this moment), the solitude of a consciousness. Have you ever thought about that? We take to ourselves words, and tell other consciousnesses a great many things we feel, and a great many things that we think; and there are a few consciousnesses that we try to tell it all to, they are so dear to us, so close to us. And we do not know how one they are with us until taken from us. Oh, the ineffable sweetness of that love that breaks down all partitions, and comes so to pour itself into the other so that there may be nothing secret or hidden! But, after all, every human soul has a secret. There are solitudes which no other soul ever traversed, experiences which never can be imparted; they abide with us forever, and they show our spirituality, our distinctness, our otherness. I cannot pursue this discussion further.

"It does not yet appear what we shall be." I have been endeavoring to call your attention back to what we are. Now, for a few moments, let us study this other question: *What we shall be.*

[The Bishop's strength and voice, being nearly exhausted at this point, he put up this prayer: "Blessed Lord Jesus, help just a little, that we may see these wondrous things which Thou hast revealed!"] and from the hearts of hundreds of his auditors there welled up a sympathetic "amen!"

First, I call your attention to the fact of how exceedingly obscure this whole subject of "what we shall be" is. I want to dwell for a moment. It is not a pleasant thing, and yet it is a needful thing. "What we shall be!" It is a mysterious fact that we are able to think about that at all, and especially when we come to consider how wonderful our thought is about it. We think not only of the days that are past, and of the now, but we alone (there can be no doubt about this at all), we alone have this peculiar power of raising the question of to-morrow. Man is the only being upon earth that has a to-morrow; and to him it is an inevitability. He can't help but be thinking of tomorrow—of the next sun-rise; and on, on, through the ages of the interminable future. He is standing, as it were, upon a lookout, seeing the coming morning and the coming evening, and the coming day when there is no morning and no evening—looking out, onward toward what he calls eternity, the great unmeasured infinite that lies before him, and striving to forecast, and wondering what there is in those awful depths for him, whether he is going—to what he is tending.

Oh! there is something magnificent in man in moments of his highest meditation. I see him wandering over the earth, like a disoriented child; like a broken-hearted orphan, looking up into heaven, and abroad through the world for his father, seeking to find the great Infinite upon whom he hangs; looking out for his home, for a place and a condition that will be suited to his spirit, for man soon outgrows the earth. I want to pause upon that. *The man outgrows the earth.* Its conditions and circumstances cease to meet his wants. I mean, a man, a man that grows, not that vegetates, that simply lives in a body; but a man whose manhood grows. He soon outgrows his earthly condition, becomes weary of the sun-rising and of the sun-setting of the earth; all human communion ceases and becomes insipid; and in his deepest retirement and moments of seclusion he is penetrating, forecasting, hunting up some other kind of being, and some other kind of world. Voices come stealing down from the open heaven, all around him, from their awful depths calling him up to amazing glories, which he sees where God and angels and spirits live and revel in their eternal life. Earth can't satisfy him any more.

"Oh, who would live always, away from his God, Away from you heaven, that blissful abode?"

I know not how it is with you; I long for wings. I want to go! [Here, as at other passages in the sermon, the hearts of the people were greatly stirred, and many were bathed in tears.]

And yet, though this is true, I must come back to the thought with which I started. How awfully obscure is that great unknown. We call it unknown. Even after the Bible has come to us, and has told us so much, we still call it unknown. We explore it by faith. Total obscurity hangs upon the whole subject. [Here the Bishop felt his strength of voice failing him again, which led him to say, "If I can hope to reach the discussion of this point I must moderate a little."] Resting a moment, he proceeded. "There are things here that I want to say; and among these I call your attention to the total obscurity, the painful obscurity, the heart-breaking obscurity that hangs over that future. We go down to the river; we see our friends pulling loose from the shore; we gaze upon the living face, and listen to the living voice, until its last ripple dies; and then we look around us, and all is dark! We cannot see them any more; we cannot find them any more. We rummage our homes; we go into the deserted chamber, and fall down, and cry, and try to call them back, just

for a moment;—just to say one word to us—just to touch us, to kiss us once. Oh, they are gone! the awful emptiness has swallowed them up! And we go, and again, when we get into the lonely woods, the dark solitary chamber—praying for some rent in the awful cloud, for some passing visitor from far off worlds to tell us if they have seen them anywhere; if they can't come back to tell us if they are not before the throne! But we can't get word; they are gone! Reason can't follow them; sense can't follow them; and we should be hopeless if we had not a divine instinct that does follow. I say, a divine instinct, for, much as I believe in that Bible, and much as I rejoice in the revelation of that Bible, there is an instinct in my soul, so deep, so ineradicable, that it becomes to me as the granite foundation upon which my faith rests, even as in revelation itself; and that is this: I do not know where they are—what they are, as to form, as to outward appearance—whether they live upon that star, or upon that one; or whether they live here, in this open air, just by me, but so invisible and intangible that I cannot touch and cannot see them. Where they live, I do not know—what is their home, and what the mode of their life. But I have an undying, immortal instinct in my soul, and that is, that they are! They ARE! I cannot see them, but they live before me, for they are in heaven.

And yet, though we cannot tell what we are, or what we shall be, we can tell something. I cannot enter into discussion, and yet I must taste it a little.

[The Bishop's strength and voice were here almost exhausted; but he rallied sufficiently to "taste," as he said, this portion of the subject, and to give his auditors a taste, which only sharpened their appetites for more.] My Lord has made some allusion to their organic existence. I am glad to believe that men are always organic—I mean, that men have always bodies. But I am glad that they are not such bodies as these—so changed, so wonderfully changed! I had rather have no body for eternity than to have this always; but I had rather have a body, and so my Lord has revealed, concerning that future, that His children shall have glorified bodies! glorified bodies!! Go home, and read that 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and read it through. Read those wondrous words again that I read for this lesson: "As we have borne the image of the earth, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." "The first man is the Lord from heaven!" As the earth is, so are we now; as is the heavenly, so shall we be hereafter. And then Paul, by some mighty inspiration, undertakes to tell how it is. I reckon the Lord told him, in that passage where he says, "it is sown in corruption"—that is, its nature now; it is a corruptible, dying, perishing body; that is, of its essence; it was made for that. I cannot stop to discuss that, but it never was designed as it now is to be permanent. "It is sown in corruption; it shall be raised in incorruption." The corruptible becomes incorruptible, and the mortal becomes immortal. "It was sown in dishonor"—for the earth, the image of the earth; sown with a stomach, that has hunger, and needs food—for flesh, that would need covering and shelter; sown for a state of abasement, an animal existence; "sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory." All that was earthly and animal is taken out of it that beautiful life to which it ascends. And it is just waiting its evolution. Some of these men upon this platform—that honored form that sits by my side [referring to Dr. Green, of Canada], is just waiting for the evolution into that glory. The work of corruption and dishonor all passes away. "It is sown in weakness"—feebleness, insufficiency, want; "it is raised in power." It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

So that I see, just on beyond there a little, a new congregation [here the Bishop leaned over the desk, and with hands uplifted and eyes peering into the heavens, and countenance that shone with holy radiance, thrilled his audience with the following glowing description of the congregation that both he and they seemed to see]. Oh, it is so unlike this congregation; and yet it is this one—these men and these women, and those others, those blessed ones that we can never forget, that have already passed on, and passed in. I see another congregation, rising up upon wings of flame, with immortal eyes, with spiritualized bodies, like the body of our Lord, that flashed blindness upon Saul, on his way to Damascus; like that John saw, walking there, with a sun upon his head, amid the candlesticks in the brightness of heaven! I see them rise with immortalized bodies, and immortalized souls, flashing with light of love and light of thought, bearing onward and upward, away from the earth, and time, and graves, and sighs, and sorrows, and sorrows. And, as they pass a certain line, they take up an immortal shout, a glorious anthem. "They return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting praises on their heads; and all heaven rises and bids them welcome. The mighty angels throw open the great gates, and they pass in, with palms and crowns, and stand before the throne, and rise ever, ever, upward, onward, in mightier flights of love and of praise! Oh, love, love, love! Heaven is all love, all rapture, all praise, of loving thought and adoring souls.

Oh, blessed God, when we look into that beautiful world, when we are ravished, when we think we shall put off this

mortal, and put on that immortal. Oh, I wish I could tell you something; but I cannot. *We must die to know it!* [Here the Bishop sank, exhausted by his effort to be heard, in which effort he wonderfully succeeded, the clear, majestic tones of his voice, into which he threw all his remaining strength, as he uttered the concluding sentences of his thrillingly eloquent discourse, still echoing in the ears of the vast audience, who, with the Bishop himself, seemed overcome by the bright glory that they had seen, their feelings being well expressed in the words of the poet,—

"Oh, would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
To grasp the God we seek!"

[Our report of the words that fell from the speaker's mouth is full—verbatim; but the tones of the voice, the expression of countenance, the impressive manner, these we cannot put on paper, and no adequate idea of the magnetic power of the speaker over his audience under this wonderful discourse, so baptized with the Holy Spirit, can be formed from the mere reading of these words. Those who enjoy their personal most who listened to the sermon, and can call up the manner of the speaker, especially in the passages most affecting them.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MINISTER'S VACATION.

BY REV. B. W. CHASE.

In one of the wildest sections of the country your correspondent is taking a little recreation, preparatory to more vigorous labor in the Master's vineyard. The mind needs rest as well as the body, and he who discards "ministerial vacations" does so on the same principle of super-erogation as he who discards ministerial education. If, by spending a few weeks of rest, one can accomplish more for the cause of God than otherwise, is it not as much a duty to do so as to spend time in study preparatory to the great work? It is the duty of every one to do all he can to advance the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth. Of course it remains with each individual to decide how he may do the most. In what place, and in what way he shall spend a vacation is a matter of conscience. This remark, however, may be ventured: that one should not lay aside his manhood, nor throw away his ministerial character by "going to the mountains." It is to be feared that some have brought disgrace upon themselves, and reproach upon the cause they profess to serve by using language and setting an example not worthy to be copied.

It was my privilege, spending a Sabbath in Brooklyn, to listen to the man whose reputation is probably more extensive than that of any other man in the world. It was the Sabbath between the decision of the jury and his summer vacation. He seemed somewhat worn, and not possessed of his usual energy, having passed through scenes that would have overcome entirely any ordinary man.

Passing from Brooklyn by the romantic Erie railway, some time was spent at Dayton, Ohio, to which there is no more pleasant place in the country. It is the seat of several State and national institutions—among others, the "National Home for Disabled Volunteers." By request of Chaplain Earnshaw, a member of the old Baltimore Conference, I spoke in the chapel in the morning, and in the hospital in the afternoon. Viewing the grounds, consisting of about six hundred acres, laid out in beautiful parks, one almost desires to be a worn-out soldier that he might enjoy the rambles in the garden, and the hospital in the afternoon. The hospital service was very interesting, especially a visit to sick and dying ones. There was one patriarch, a veteran of 97, a hero of Lundy's Lane, who, when asked as to his health, replied, "quite well, for a boy!"

After spending a week at Lockland, near Cincinnati, and calling on the active Dr. Rust, whom we found hard at work in the interests of the freedmen, we came up the Ohio river in the "Bostons"—one hundred and fifty miles to Huntington, West Virginia, and hence, ninety miles, by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, into a region of coal, and where some of the most thrilling scenes of the late war transpired. One of my camping companions is Col. Moore, of the 8th Ohio Cavalry, who had "stamped" this ground during the war. We are encamped near the junction of New and Ganley Rivers, which unite to form the Kanawha. At the junction rises a high rock, called Fort Defiance, where, it is said, three men defended themselves against the Indians. Just in front of us is the old Lewisburg turnpike, now nearly abandoned, by means of the war and the railroad; and a few yards beyond the New River runs, furnishing a supply of good fish. Just in the rear is a splendid cascade, eighty feet in height, which I measured, at some risk. This, with other cascades near by, falls in the river (especially grand during the high water since our stay here), the bold sandstone cliffs and the wood-

ed mountains form a picturesque landscape beyond description.

Last Sabbath I had the opportunity of preaching, in the morning, in an unfinished church under a cliff, with just room enough between it and the river for the railroad to pass, while in full view was a bear, caught in the woods near by. In the afternoon I tried to dispense the Word in another church, in view of the piers on which formerly rested Ganley bridge, destroyed first by the rebel General Wise, in his retreat up the Kanawha valley, in 1861, and again by the Union troops in the retreat down the valley, in 1862. The people here are characterized by the "Old Dominion" hospitality, but they have not that enterprise and activity that might make them a wealthy people. The most enterprising men here are Eastern men—one from New Hampshire, and the other a graduate of Dartmouth College.

The crops here, as farther west, are very much damaged by the continuous rains, such as never have been known. The wheat was choked with weeds because of early rains, and is now sprouting in the fields because of later rains; and the corn, somewhat choked with weeds, is destroyed on the bottom lands by the floods. The people ask, "what shall we do?" We can only reply, "the Lord will provide." We have tried Dr. Mitchell's advice, of roughing it in camp, exposing ourselves to flies and gnats and fleas, mosquitoes and chiggers, catching fish and roasting the mountains; and we hope to prove his theories correct by becoming thereby stronger for the work of the Lord, preaching the Word, visiting, and laboring to bring souls to Christ. May the Lord give the spiritual, while His providence furnishes the physical and the mental.

PROVISION FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

A very interesting and valuable statistical atlas has been lately published, under the direction of Gen. Francis A. Walker, superintendent of the national census. One page of this atlas is devoted to diagrams, showing the ratio of church accommodation to the total population, over ten years of age, of each State, and of the whole United States. From these diagrams we gather the following facts:—The Methodists have more church sittings than any other denomination in the United States; the Baptists rank next; the Presbyterian denomination, third; the Roman Catholics, fourth; the Congregationalists, fifth; Episcopalians, sixth; Lutherans, seventh; Christians, eighth. The Methodist is the leading denomination in 23 States, including the District of Columbia. In many of these States they are largely predominant. The Methodist States are Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. The Baptist is the leading denomination in six States: Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Rhode Island, and South Carolina. The Roman Catholics prevail in California, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nevada, Wisconsin and the Southwest Territories. The Congregationalists are predominant in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. It will be seen, therefore, that the Methodists come the nearest to being a national Church. The Congregationalists are strong only in portions of New England. Universalists, Unitarians and Radicals do not make a ripple in the country at large.

The only State that has church accommodation for all its people is Ohio. Those States that have nearly enough church sittings for their whole population are Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia. Had it not been for the figures of the census we of the North would certainly have been placed in this latter class—New England, New York, parts of the North and West, those portions of our country where religion and education are supposed to have their peculiar and appropriate home. But facts are stubborn things; figures do not lie. And since we know that there is about as large a population who do not go to church, and for whom no church accommodation is provided, another incentive is furnished us to do what we can to carry home to every one religious truth, the means of happiness in this world and in that to come.

August 19, 1875. A. J. L.

WHISPER-GALLERY ECHOES.

TO AN INQUIRING STUDENT.—You ask whether it is best for you to go to college, and if so, where?

We answer: Go, by all means, if your age, health, and other means will allow. Nor should you hesitate because you have not in hand, and know not now where to expect all the needed funds. Trust something to Providence and your own energy and tact; start off boldly and prudently; do not hurry; but work your way as best you can, if it takes you five years. It will be all the better for you.

Go to a college, if possible, of your own Church. Your future, as an educated man, will be greatly embarrassed if, when you graduate, you are known only in the channels of action of a denomination to which you do not belong; and it may be the cause of your ultimate failure. Study carefully, and from the most impartial sources, the comparative character of those colleges recommended to you. While scholarship and moral status are

the first consideration, these are not all. Beware of the colleges noted for bawling, and other forms of rowdiness. These are indications that every thing is there out of joint, and untrustworthy. Loose habits and bad morals generally will be found there. A low state of social culture and bad manners may be expected also. This last fault is alarmingly prevalent in most of our modern colleges. Few college presidents or faculties seem at all awake to the fearful and lasting injury their heedlessness (if not also their own uncondemned habits) inflicts on their cultured pupils, many of whom are only jewels in the rough, and never saw the light of a refined family. When such pupils are left to drift, during their four chief forming years, with little else but unsanctified ambition, strife, rivalry and jealousy of college life, what can be looked for in them, when graduated, but the coarse, egotistic snobs and swells which most colleges turn out? Ask those graduates, who so vociferously urge you to their Alma Mater, how many hours in the four years were spent teaching them even the rudiments of courtesy, or habits of refined society.

But you should dread and shun, most of all, those colleges where little religious and Scripture instruction is given. There is irreparable loss and imminent peril to you in spending six or eight years in hard and unintermitted study, to strengthen and discipline your mind, to the neglect of your moral nature. This sad disproportion of college study is beginning to attract attention and excite alarm. From ten to fifteen hours daily in text-books, with only a short Scripture read, with a formal and hurried prayer, will soon result in an unbalanced character, as unsymmetrical as it is dangerous. Every day, in some form, the sublime science of morals, with the doctrines and duties of Christianity, should come before student minds for as calm and critical instruction as the most abstruse problems in mathematics or psychology. Why not? And who can measure the harm done to the whole man when it is neglected.

Now is your time to see to this, while you can, and not after a ghastly wound has been made on your moral and immortal being, which no human agency can, and no divine agency will remove. From no other cause has Christianity so much to fear, to-day, and infidelity so much to hope, as from the intellectual giants and moral pigmies, now coming, by thousands annually, from our so-called Christian colleges.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND TOURISTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1875.

The Tourist party's arrival here, on Friday evening, the 16th, has afforded a brief opportunity only to view the city, and start again for "fresh fields, and pastures new," as we leave to-day for the "Geyser" and vineyards of Sonoma Valley. The party left Salt Lake City Tuesday afternoon, and at Ogden entered the Central Pacific Railroad Pullman cars prepared for their reception. At Promontory, 830 miles from San Francisco, the spot was pointed out where the connection between the two roads, the Union and Central Pacific, was made on the 10th of May, 1869, at an elevation of nearly 5000 feet, and the last spike was driven which united 1774 miles of unbroken track then terminating at Sacramento.

The snow covered peaks of the Wasatch Mountains remained in sight all day, and the exceeding purity of the atmosphere led to baffling calculations as to distances, much to the amusement of those familiar with this region of country. At Battle Mountain a large invoice of silver bars, amounting to \$130,000, in stout leather bags, was being shipped from New York, and specimens of ore of exceeding richness from a mine in the vicinity were shown the party. The cost of "mining" in Nevada is no trifling. An experienced discoverer, who presented one of our party here with a box of fine specimens, informed me that not one in three of the mines were paying expenses of working, even with the improved machinery now required. Only with a large capital can any thing be realized even then. Shoshone and other Indians appeared at the different depots, and prairie dogs dodged in and out of their holes as the train went by. Indian camps, with the usual abundance of nice horses picketed around them, Indian horsemen, erect, and riding their horses as if a part of the animal, were seen galloping on the plains, free as the air.

At Truckee, by invitation of the officials of the road, the Tourists took stages and mountain wagons for a visit to Lake Tahoe, about 13 miles distant. This lake lies in two States, California and Nevada, and is 22 miles long and 10 miles wide, of exceeding purity, so that objects can be seen distinctly at a depth of 80 feet. A steamboat plies upon the Lake, and upon it our party, with invited guests numbering over one hundred, sailed to the end of the Lake. A fine lunch was partaken on board, and at half past seven p. m. the party returned to Truckee.

At Summit, 14 miles West, under the snow sheds of the Sierras, the train was switched off upon a side track for the night, and a quiet sleep enjoyed. In the morning parties were early abroad, in search of flowers and mosses, with surprising results. "One of us" gathered twenty-six varieties, and choice bouquets were made up, of most lovely hues, all upon land 7000 feet above sea level, and with frost never absent for a night. At 8 a. m. our "special" moved on, with

the addition of an "observation car," and a day memorable followed in the experience of us all. Such an opportunity of observation of this road was hardly ever before enjoyed. The train halted at many points of interest, to view the scenery and to listen to explanations from men engaged in the construction of the road. We passed through compact and substantial snow sheds, more than 37 miles of which have been built, at a prodigious cost, and extensive tunnels through mountain peaks which rise 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. How cold it is up here! Thick coats and shawls are brought in requisition, and the suggestion of a winter here makes it feel yet colder. During the winter of 1873 the huge snow ploughs, nearly 20 feet in height, were at times drawn by five, and pushed through the mountains of snow by nine forty-ton locomotives. Views of grandest scenery we pass, in our descent, and halt at "Cape Horn," to enable the passengers to step aside, and see this great sight. Timid people should never venture near this great chasm. One grows dizzy, and shudders to look down these depths. What a bold mind, to conceive of building a railroad over such an abyss! and what perils were encountered in carrying this project into execution!

We soon enter the Sacramento valley, and enjoy the growing beauty of the landscape. Passing among old and new mining operations, the land dug over and over, and yet tried by new and improved methods, until drained of its last particle of shining dust, we enter the immense wheat fields and swelling hill tops, recently crowned to their summits with grain. Along the road side, at short intervals, mile after mile, we see vast piles of wheat in bags, awaiting shipment. The yield, though not equal to the previous year, is nevertheless a bountiful one. At 9 p. m. we arrive at San Francisco.

WHEN IS "GOD'S OPPORTUNITY?"

The poor "tramp" was faint, but, oddly enough, from others he would not beg! He was a bigot; and I took occasion to let him know, while I fed him, what motives could actuate even a heretic in so doing. Verily, is not this "God's opportunity" to open blind eyes, as He did in the famine of 1847? At such times why not be co-workers with Him? We know that now "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by," just in this form and manner. Oh, what golden chances pass unheeded because Christian ministers and people will not serve God in His way. THINKER.

Our Book Table.

The American reprints by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 41 Barclay Street, New York, of the *British Quarterly Review*, the *Westminster* and the *Edinburgh* for July, with *Blackwood* for August, are now out—the quarters, with their usual able and elaborate criticisms upon the literature and leading thoughts of the hour; the magazines partaking more of the character of our chief monthlies, but a trifle more staid even than the gravest of them. The three of the ablest foreign reviews and the venerable and popular magazine can be secured in the handsome form of the American edition for \$13 a year, the three reviews at \$10, and either one at \$4.

The September magazines, although prepared in the height of the heated term, manifest no lack of variety or vigor. The *Popular Science* opens with an excellent paper by Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., of Harvard College, upon "Scientific Culture." Major J. W. Powell continues his entertaining descriptions of the marvels of the Colorado Valley, with illustrations, and ten other attractive subjects are discussed by scientific experts. The editorial chapters are crowded, as usual, with short and sprightly notes upon current scientific topics.

The *Sanitarian*, which is of more practical value than any other of the monthly issues, and ought to be widely read, has its full quota of valuable papers upon sanitary themes. The opening article, by Dr. Nathan Allen, is a particularly sensible and valuable discussion of "College Sports." While approving of rowing, as an exercise, where water is convenient, he finds serious objections to the manner in which it is now practiced in the colleges. Above this, and other well-known athletic critics, he places the regular exercises, under proper instruction, of the gymnasium, and gives his reasons for the opinion. They are worthy of thoughtful consideration. Topics adapted to the season, and especially to the condition of cities and large towns, form the subjects of valuable papers in the September issue of this periodical. It is an excellent and substantial number.

The *Atlantic* in no measure comes behind itself this month, and this is the best thing that can be said of it. A good paper on "French Art," an amusing and gossiping paper by Frances Anne Kemble, a very fine sketch of Noah Webster and his books by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, and an able essay upon a protective tariff by Joseph Wharton, form a portion of the stronger papers of this number. The editorial chapters are well sustained. The criticism, however, upon Bishop Haven's "Our Next Neighbor" is neither altogether just nor generous.

Scribner opens with a fully illustrated and highly appreciative paper upon Chicago. It has a striking article, from the artist Page, upon Shakespearean portraits. C. E. Warren, Jr., gives an entertaining illustrated sketch of Guernsey, of the Channel Islands, while the editor's story of the Seven-o'clock rapid develops itself. This magazine is always welcomed by its regular readers.

The *Galaxy* carries us through Utah with too favorable a view of Mormonism, reviews "Sherman's Memoirs," has a too free and uncovered and rather apologetic sketch of "a peculiar princess" (Madame Rastazzi), a discriminating critique upon French plays, and a large variety of other papers.

Lippincott illustrates, in an opening paper, the results of explorations in Polynesia, gives a practical article upon our architectural future, a lively and womanly sketch of the "Hospice of the Great St. Bernard," a touching and well told story of a wife of the circus, and other continued articles and interesting miscellany.

Harper never fails upon "dog days." It is always lively and inviting reading, at

tractive with profuse illustrations and papers treating of themes of present interest. The first handsomely illustrated article is "Gloster and Cape Ann," which we of New England can fully appreciate. Porto Croyon gives another of his particularly amusing sketches with pen and pencil. An instructive account of the contents of San Kensington Museum follows. Then comes Parton's laughable paper upon recent "English Caricatures," with the valuable article of Rev. Mr. Sumner on the "First Century of the Republic." A volume besides of varied literature and miscellany makes up this wonderful monthly budget.

We intended to notice the *Ladies' Repository* for the month, but somebody "appropriated" our number. We recollect being particularly pleased with the illustration, and remembering to ourselves that Editor Frostworth had been especially successful in his contributions and in his own contributions in this number.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. G. P. ROWELL & Co. publish a large volume containing a very complete record of newspaper statistics. It is entitled *AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY*, and has within its covers full lists of all newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada. The past year has not been a favorable one for newspapers, any more than it has been for other enterprises, yet the record here given shows an actual increase in the number printed. In the matter of circulation papers have almost universally suffered; and it is said that west of New York city there is no periodical with a regular issue of 40,000 copies excepting two Sunday-school papers. The "Directory" contains much useful information, carefully compiled and well arranged. J. R. Osmond & Co. have now ready a new novel by Emile Gaboriau, entitled *FILE NO. 113*, in which a bank robbery does duty as the central incident. William F. Gill & Co. have recently issued a new story of William Black, called *THE MARRIAGE OF MONSIEUR FRANCIS*. Like all of Mr. Black's works, this novel is a well worth reading. The seventh Brion-Brace, REMINISCENCES OF CORNELIA KNIGHT AND THOMAS RAILES, is full of entertaining anecdotes, the following being one of the oddest of all:—"A Jew of Pisa, being very ill, ordered two Jew attendants to call in a eunuch to baptize him, saying, 'his people would not let him die in peace without he became a Christian.' He said he heard them, in the next room, agree that they had better kill him than let him change his religion. Upon that an angel, dressed in white, came down and christened him, and from that moment he grew better. On his recovery he informed the Archbishop of Pisa of the miracle, and the Archbishop wrote to Rome to know if the man ought to be christened a second time. A congregation was accordingly appointed, at the head of which was the Vicegerent, Monsiegnor Couteis, and the Bishop of Carpentras went to Cardinal de Bernis, to inquire if he thought baptism by an angel was canonical. The Cardinal replied, as he got up, 'I am not sure that it would be better to christen the Jew conditionally; and that, as he had never heard of any one being baptized by an angel, he could not say whether it was canonical. He then asked them if they were certain that the angel had really appeared; and they answered that there could be no doubt about it, for the man had told it himself.' Fretfulum V. Naby is the author of a book of humor and satire, better spelt than his political contributions to the newspapers, and fairly interesting. Occasionally he encroaches on the property of other humorists, and more often his wit, although new, is labored and far-fetched. The book is entitled *THE MORALS OF ABOUT BEN ADAM*, and is a humorous commentary on the political and social life of the day.—Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just published a book designed to exhibit what has been accomplished of recent years by archaeological investigations in Egypt. It is entitled *EGYPT FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO B. C. 300*, by S. Birch, LL.D. The work is to be followed by others, devoted to similar explorations in Assyria and Persia. Much light is thrown upon the history of the Old Testament history.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have published in book form one of the most admirable of the numerous Centennial addresses. It is Rev. Dr. Storrs' essay on *THE EARLY AMERICAN SPIRIT*, and *THE GENESIS OF IT*, and was delivered before the New York Historical Society on the celebration of its seventieth anniversary.

Mr. Samuel B. Drake, who recently died in Boston, at the age of 77 years, was a most diligent antiquarian, and his contributions to this department of literature have been both numerous and valuable. As early as 1824 he made his first essay in book-making by editing a reprint of Col. Church's "History of King Philip's War," and in later years he published a number of books on the same subject, which gave frequent employment to the sturdy Massachusetts settlers. One of his best known works is a "History of Boston." At the time of his death the work was from his pen, *NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST*, was passing through the press of Harper & Brothers. It is one of our best and most useful life, and many a tourist of this and succeeding summers will take up, with pleasure and profit, this capital description of New England's magnificent sea coast.—G. P. Putnam's Sons are to publish a book which Rev. O. B. Frothingham is now at work upon. It is entitled *HISTORY OF TRANS-CENTRALISM IN NEW ENGLAND*.—The Secretary of the First Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has prepared a report of the proceedings, which has been published in New York by Mr. T. Whitaker. The report contains a number of valuable papers read at the time by a well-known clergyman, and the discussions to which they gave rise. The Congress, which met in October, 1874, in New York, was so successful that the plan was formed of having successive annual meetings. The next session is to be held in Philadelphia, in October of the present year.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have published paper editions of Miss Warner's two books, *GARDENING BY MYSELF*, and *MISS TELLER'S VEGETABLE GARDEN*. Each of these books is a good collection in these summer days, and the hints given are practical and easily acted upon.—Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have sent out from their establishment over 50,000 copies of the famous Brion-Brace Series, which has now reached eight issues by the appearance of the *REMINISCENCES OF O'KEEFE, KELLY AND TAYLOR*. This volume is largely filled with anecdotes of the literary celebrities in England, between 1775 and 1825. There are illustrations of Garrick, Moody, Foote, and Mrs. Abingdon, all in character.

NEW MUSIC.

From G. D. Russell: "Goodnight, Bright Dreams to Thee," by H. Vincent Eldridge; "Biblical Sketch," by Carl Law; "The Old Church," two part song, by Franz AM; "L'Angelus au Convent," by Lebeau; "Spring Song," by Gustav Lange; "Schlummerlied," by Gustav Lange.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. — NUM. XIV. 21.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

The Christian at Work contains a most interesting letter from Miss Brittain, of Calcutta, a most successful missionary in the Zenana mission, in which she describes what she saw in a recent visit to Allahabad. She describes the fakirs (the religious mendicants, or devotees, men who are supposed by self-inflicted tortures to become very holy, and have overcome all passions and appetites of the body) as follows. Read the description, and then say if the poor heathen do not need the Gospel!

"They are about the vilest-looking creatures that it is possible to describe, making you shudder to think that humanity could be so degraded, under the sacred name of religion. These men were almost entirely nude, with no covering but one filthy little piece of rag, not more than a fig leaf, winter or summer. There are about 300 of them, with hair and beards long, and matted with filth, their bodies smeared with cow-dung and ashes; some with a thick mixture of whitewash or white plaster, with one, two, or three broad stripes, like blood, down the forehead—every one of them most loathsome to look at."

"One man had his body most foully smeared, but his face tolerably clean, and his hair and beard all shaved off. He was an old man, with really a very mild, benevolent expression. He sat on a bed of ashes, with four bricks built around him, on either side—not, of course, close enough to burn him, but close enough to scorch him, and cause great suffering; and of course he could not move, to relieve the pain, as the fire was on either side. He sat all the time with his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently never moving a muscle, except when he would take up a handful of the smouldering ashes and place them on his bald head. He would keep them there till they were cold, then remove them, to replace them with others equally hot. As I stood and looked at this man I could only think of Job—the same bowed, dejected form; the same sad, mournful, yet patient, almost holy expression you always imagine that saint of God had. And I could not but ask myself, might not this man really be in earnest in thinking he was thus acceptably worshipping his God? And if so, would not he rise up at the last day in condemnation of many a one in our Christian land who never knew what self-denial was for the sake of Christ?"

"There was another, a miserable looking creature, who for many years had held his arms up over his head, with his hands crossed. At first he was obliged to have his hands bound to poles, to keep them up till they stiffened in that position. Another had kept his left arm in this position until he had shriveled up, and his finger nails had grown three or four inches long. A third had stood on one foot for years, in a sort of a frame, to which he was fastened by a rope tied around his waist, and from the upright a piece came out, on which he leaned his arm. He had been in this position eight years, and had never slept for more than five minutes at a time. Another laid contentedly, covered up with mud, as if he had been buried, with just a place for him to breathe, and he laid thus every day for eight hours in the day. And they told me of another, who had his feet fastened to the roof of a hut, and had hung with his head downward for eight hours every day."

"But it would be impossible for me to describe all the fearful, self-imposed tortures that were suffered by these poor creatures, in the name of religion—thus, as they supposed, purchasing for themselves future happiness. O, how I longed for them to know that."

"Jesus said it all—All the debt they owed;—and all they had to do was to believe, and live. I would cry out, 'how long, O Lord, holy and true, shall Satan thus triumph? Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly, and claim these kingdoms for Thine own.' May Thy Church awake, and go forth conquering and to conquer."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Revisers of the English Bible have proceeded as far as Isaiah lii, 7, in the Old Testament, and to the middle of 1st Corinthians in the New.

A Church of England clergyman has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for false entries in the Church register about the death of a parishioner.

An appeal will be taken to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, from the decision of Sir R. Phillimore, adverse to the use of "reverend" by dissenting ministers.

Some relics of a peculiar type of man, it is supposed of a pre-historic age, have been discovered in excavations on the Thames, London.

Lady Flora Hastings, cousin to the Marquis of Bute, has entered the Catholic Church.

In the diocese of the Bishop of Oxford there is a "House of Mercy," where auricular confession is privately practiced.

All who contribute to the erection of a new Episcopal church, now building in Birmingham, are promised prayers on their behalf once a month. Why not offer a chalice?

The parish of Clerkenwell is in common. It has the right of choosing its own pastor, and just now rival aspirants are besieging the place, even covering the walls with placards setting forth their peculiar merits. One of them styles himself "the popular preacher" and a "great man."

A Ritualistic clergyman has provided a system of "retreats," after the Romish fashion, for clergymen and laymen.

The Methodist (London) says that O'Connell declared that he was a Catholic, but not a Papist. Quite a difference.

The same paper says that the appearance of Bishop Simpson at the Wesleyan Conference at Sheffield, was "a pleasant surprise. He is considered one of the ablest living preachers."

Bishop Thirlwall died at the age of 78 years.

The Jesuits have opened a church in Oxford.

A new Catholic club has been started in London, under the auspices of the Duke of Norfolk.

The Duke of Norfolk and others have presented Cardinal Manning with \$32,500, to meet the increased charges of his office.

Dr. Benjamin Davies, an eminent Hebrew scholar, and one of the Old Testament company of Bible Revisers, has died.

Mr. Spurgeon has declined a testimonial of 2,000 guineas, offered by his congregation.

The town council of Bolton have removed from the city cemetery a deist's tombstone, which bore the inscription, "Let the gods attend on things which gods must answer."

Man's only care relates to things below. *Nuncio deus.*

Within 12 years the sittings in the Methodist churches of London have increased from 37,000 to 91,000, and 44 large churches have been built.

Moreno, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, has been assassinated—cause unknown. This is the country whose Congress solemnly dedicated it to the "Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The London Pan-Presbyterian Council has formed "The Alliance of the Reformed Churches Throughout the World, Holding the Presbyterian System," to meet once in three years.

Madame Hensel, a Jewish lady, of high musical reputation, and author of the "Life of Gottschalk," has joined the Methodist Church at Binghampton, N. Y., intending it is said to become an evangelist.

In Ohio, the Catholic Bishop, McQuaid, on the Democratic party promising to comply with his terms as to separate money for Catholic schools, promised in his turn "the solid Catholic vote," which the Cincinnati Commercial thinks will set many people to thinking and voting another way.

This Bishop McQuaid said, in an address, "the Catholics are now lying down under the platform, and everybody else is standing on it. When we get strong enough to get up, what will become of the platform?" We shall see.

Broad Churchmen in England are put in peril by a recent decision of Sir Phillimore, the Dean of Arches, against a layman, as rightly excluded from the Church for certain heretical opinions concerning future punishment and the devil. But a distinction is made between clergymen and laymen. The former are allowed to hold and advocate opinions for which the latter are excluded.

Horatio Bonar, Hugh McNeill, J. C. Ryle, and others of high Christian standing, have uttered a protest against what they regard as errors of doctrine, threatening serious practical results, in the views propounded at the Brighton Conference. On the other hand, large numbers of intelligent Christians in England and on the Continent have declared their entire sympathy with the views and influence of Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith.

At the close of the Brighton Convention (Pearsall Smith's) 3000 Christians of different denominations celebrated the communion service with unalloyed wine. A good precedent! Let it be well followed.

An English settlement is to be planted on the shores of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, to effect the overthrow of the slave-trade, and introduce Christianity—a fitting memorial of Dr. Livingstone.

The Christian religion is spreading rapidly in Japan. The field is white to the harvest.

This world must be taken for Christ. Are you doing your part in bringing about the glorious event?

The Baptists of Great Britain have had an increase, last year, of 10,582 members.

TEMPERANCE.

PRESERVING THE TISSUES.

We joyfully wink at you, And delightfully saw the destruction of them. — PUNCH.

It is amazing to see what wonderful claims have been set up, from time to time, in favor of alcoholic drinks. The common assertion, that they are "food, drink, and lodgings" for the drunkard, is altogether thrown in the shade by the philosophizing tippler, who claims for the deceptive draught results so marvelous as to show that it is suited only to the capacity and appreciation of a being with brain.

One of these apologists for the use of alcohol says, seriously, in a recent work, "the horse does not care for alcohol, for the same reason that it does not care for philosophy, because its brain is not able to appreciate it;" and then he proceeds to quote monkeys as quite intelligent enough to acquire a taste for tea, coffee, and alcoholic liquors, and to smoke tobacco with pleasure! It was not enough, centuries ago, to call it "water of life," "an emanation from divinity, sent for the physical renovation of mankind" (Lully), to consider it a medicine for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but "it sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, it helpeth digestion, it relieveth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it quickeneth the spirits," and much more in the same strain.

This was written in the 16th century, and it was a part of the "introduction" given to alcohol after its discovery by distillation. It was a wonderful liquid, to be sure, and there was hardly a service unclaimed for it in the human system. There appear to have been people who verily expected not to die after using it, for there were numerous adventures who were searching for the "fountain of youth," or the "elixir of life," and it was due to their search that alcohol was distilled and discovered.

Those were the days of wonders, when people did not know enough of science to test them. It is only since men have become intelligent enough to bring alcohol to the test of science, and have made it their business to do so, that they have made any headway against it. Step by step, its claims have been driven from the field, and then its apologists turn upon their tracks, and reiterate the same idea, in another form. Instead of food, it has been proved to be poison, and so they term it "force" (as if there could be any force without nutrition) and "nerve food," because they do not know what that is; and they think they do not know, and "negative food." We are inclined to think the last is much the nearest right, for it negatives all the food put into the stomach, so long as it self remains there; and much of it throughout the system afterward. Instead of "slowing age," it has been carefully estimated to cut short the lives of all drinkers and tipplers, to the average extent of ten years, which is undoubtedly too low an average. It is more probable that it reduces the average of life in the whole population as much as this. Since the commencement of the temperance movement the average extent of life in this country has been raised fully eight years. Probably some of this is due to increased hygienic knowledge in other respects, but it remains true that, in all other respects combined, the habits of the people have not changed so notably as in this one item of the common use of alcoholic drinks.

One of the usual results of drinking, freely acknowledged by medical men, is to induce all the symptoms of premature old age. What folly then to call wine the "milk of the aged," as is frequently done! It is also now one of the favorite devices of the apologists for drink to say that wine, etc., should not be taken by the young—that it is especially adapted to the wants of the old. One of these "authorities" says: "No man needs wine before forty, and then he may take three glasses a day (that is so definite), and two more at fifty, and two more at sixty—never going beyond this number, no matter how long he lives." The reason usually given for this adaptation of wine to the old, is that it "preserves the tissues." This they partly infer from the antiseptic power of strong alcohol, as it is used in the preservation of vegetable and animal matter from decay, when kept in close vessels.

But the circumstances are altogether different. The preservation has reference to dead matter—not living. Alcohol, in the strength and quantity required for preservation, instantly extinguishes life, and the necessity for the exclusion of air in close vessels is equally fatal. Such arguments can only be made in the absence of the commonest common sense, as well as of the most primary knowledge of the relation between the law of physiology and chemistry. It is a fair specimen of the arguments used by the apologists for alcoholic drinks. They put forth their theories, without proof, and challenge us to prove the negative. It has been truly said that "it is an easy matter to show how alcohol can hurt and destroy life, and to do much other mischief; but it yet remains to be shown how it can benefit." We can however expose their fallacies, which we do only because the people so eagerly catch at any plea for the use of the intoxicating draught.

Their show of logic in this case amounts to this:—A young person, they say, is growing; he needs a constant change of tissue; but an old person has ceased growing, and he needs to retain what he has. But why? Are the processes of nutrition and change of tissue suspended? Not at all; they are only performed less rapidly; and

as this is the great cause of the feebleness of old age, it certainly is not desirable to retard them still more. The fact is, that the constant and regular change of tissue constitutes health, and the more prompt, regular and complete it is, the higher the health, at any time of life. Anything else that interferes with this interferes with health; and how can we make an exception of alcohol? We take exercise to promote these changes. Should the aged, then, stop exercise, and pickle themselves down generally? Suppose we ask Wm. C. Bryant if he does not think it about time to stop his long daily walk, his bathing, his light gymnastics, and go to taking alcoholic drinks to preserve his tissues!

It is true that the use of alcohol does have a tendency to prevent the prompt change of tissue, and the clearing of waste matter out of the system. In this we agree with our opponents; and, moreover, we are ready to bring authority in proof of it. The *Medical Temperance Journal* says: "Alcohol in the blood is known to materially injure the blood globules, and to shiver them up, besides preventing the diminution of effete matter. The blood of alcohol drinkers is always inferior. Besides this poison, it is loaded with carbonaceous and venous matters, that ought not to be there. The nutrition of the whole system is interfered with." Let us take the testimony of Sir Henry Munroe, in a practical case, for which he had been prescribing: "I could arrive at no other conclusion than that this use of beer was the cause of the blood becoming surcharged with urates, was a hindrance to the healthy process of digestion, and was damaging to the healthy operations of the kidneys, lungs and skin." We can bring more proofs of the same kind, if wanted.

Clearly, alcohol does prevent the rapid change of tissues, and that is precisely the reason we do not wish for it. We cannot think a thought, nor make a movement, nor have the blood circulate, without using up some of our tissues, and we want them promptly renewed. We would far sooner use our tissues, and get good from them, than to have them "preserved" in alcohol.

VERITAS.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET. WHOLESALE PRICES. Aug. 31, 1875.

Flour—Superfine, \$2.25 @ 5.75; extra, \$2.00 @ 5.00; Michigan, \$1.75 @ 5.00; St. Louis, \$1.75 @ 5.00; Southern Flour, \$2.00 @ 5.00.

Corn—Mixed and Yellow, \$1.00 @ 1.10; bush. OATS—60 @ 65 bushel.

Wheat—\$1.15 @ 1.20 bushel; No. 1, \$1.20 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$1.10 @ 1.15; No. 3, \$1.00 @ 1.05; No. 4, \$0.90 @ 1.00; No. 5, \$0.80 @ 0.90; No. 6, \$0.70 @ 0.80; No. 7, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 8, \$0.50 @ 0.60; No. 9, \$0.40 @ 0.50; No. 10, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 11, \$0.20 @ 0.30; No. 12, \$0.10 @ 0.20.

Barley—\$1.00 @ 1.10 bushel; No. 1, \$1.10 @ 1.20; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.10; No. 3, \$0.90 @ 1.00; No. 4, \$0.80 @ 0.90; No. 5, \$0.70 @ 0.80; No. 6, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 7, \$0.50 @ 0.60; No. 8, \$0.40 @ 0.50; No. 9, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 10, \$0.20 @ 0.30; No. 11, \$0.10 @ 0.20; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 0.10.

Butter—\$20.00 @ 22.00 per cwt.; No. 1, \$21.00 @ 23.00; No. 2, \$20.00 @ 22.00; No. 3, \$19.00 @ 21.00; No. 4, \$18.00 @ 20.00; No. 5, \$17.00 @ 19.00; No. 6, \$16.00 @ 18.00; No. 7, \$15.00 @ 17.00; No. 8, \$14.00 @ 16.00; No. 9, \$13.00 @ 15.00; No. 10, \$12.00 @ 14.00; No. 11, \$11.00 @ 13.00; No. 12, \$10.00 @ 12.00.

Eggs—\$1.00 @ 1.10 per doz.; No. 1, \$1.10 @ 1.20; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.10; No. 3, \$0.90 @ 1.00; No. 4, \$0.80 @ 0.90; No. 5, \$0.70 @ 0.80; No. 6, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 7, \$0.50 @ 0.60; No. 8, \$0.40 @ 0.50; No. 9, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 10, \$0.20 @ 0.30; No. 11, \$0.10 @ 0.20; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 0.10.

Pork—\$10.00 @ 12.00 per cwt.; No. 1, \$11.00 @ 13.00; No. 2, \$10.00 @ 12.00; No. 3, \$9.00 @ 11.00; No. 4, \$8.00 @ 10.00; No. 5, \$7.00 @ 9.00; No. 6, \$6.00 @ 8.00; No. 7, \$5.00 @ 7.00; No. 8, \$4.00 @ 6.00; No. 9, \$3.00 @ 5.00; No. 10, \$2.00 @ 4.00; No. 11, \$1.00 @ 3.00; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 1.00.

Beef—\$1.00 @ 1.10 per lb.; No. 1, \$1.10 @ 1.20; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.10; No. 3, \$0.90 @ 1.00; No. 4, \$0.80 @ 0.90; No. 5, \$0.70 @ 0.80; No. 6, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 7, \$0.50 @ 0.60; No. 8, \$0.40 @ 0.50; No. 9, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 10, \$0.20 @ 0.30; No. 11, \$0.10 @ 0.20; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 0.10.

Lard—\$1.00 @ 1.10 per lb.; No. 1, \$1.10 @ 1.20; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.10; No. 3, \$0.90 @ 1.00; No. 4, \$0.80 @ 0.90; No. 5, \$0.70 @ 0.80; No. 6, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 7, \$0.50 @ 0.60; No. 8, \$0.40 @ 0.50; No. 9, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 10, \$0.20 @ 0.30; No. 11, \$0.10 @ 0.20; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 0.10.

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Butter—\$20.00 @ 22.00 per cwt.; No. 1, \$21.00 @ 23.00; No. 2, \$20.00 @ 22.00; No. 3, \$19.00 @ 21.00; No. 4, \$18.00 @ 20.00; No. 5, \$17.00 @ 19.00; No. 6, \$16.00 @ 18.00; No. 7, \$15.00 @ 17.00; No. 8, \$14.00 @ 16.00; No. 9, \$13.00 @ 15.00; No. 10, \$12.00 @ 14.00; No. 11, \$11.00 @ 13.00; No. 12, \$10.00 @ 12.00.

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.	PAGES
Call Him Jesus—Festivals From a Flying Wing.—An Hour at the Home of Tanglefoot.—Footstep Dick, the Cornish Traveler.—Why Are We So Happy?	277
DOCTRINAL.	
The Human Recipient of the Divine Revelation.—CONSERVATION.—A Minister's Visit.—Whisper-Gallery Echoes.—New York and New England Tourists.—When Is God's Opportunity?—OUR BOOK TABLE	278
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.	
Missionary Department.—Religious Items.—TEMPERANCE.—Preserving the Times.—Boston Market.—Advertisements	279
EDITORIAL.	
The Great Out-of-door Services.—The Business Man's Friends.—Editorial Paragraphs	280
THE WEEK. NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.	
Massachusetts.—Maine.—New Hampshire.—Rhode Island.—Advertisements	281
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—ZION'S HERALD Questions.—For the Sunday-school Teacher.—THE FAMILY. At Evening Time.—Will You Have an Answer?—The Mission of the Fly.—Here and Yonder.—Toward Home.—Little Boats.—Thoughts for the Week.—The Twilight Hour of Prayer.—Short Sayings.—Elegies	282
EDUCATIONAL. THE FARM AND GARDEN.	
OUTLOOKS. Advertisements	283
Business Notices.—Church Registers.—Marriages, etc.—Reading Notices	284

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1875.

Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost. We counsel our Christian readers to consult the highest spiritual economy in the appropriation of the reviving influences enjoyed in the great meetings. At once hasten to the regular Church meetings. Crowd the social services. Sing the same inspiring tunes. Be as prompt in short addresses, and in prayer, as in the crowded circle of the grove. Draw out, by personal invitation to these meetings, members of the congregation, especially young people, and earnestly seek their highest religious welfare. Our pastors will doubtless be prompt to renew their active labors after the season of recreation. There is a prevailing expectation of a deep and spreading reformation. Let there be no lack of faith, courage and diligence on our part. A providential voice is uttered in the significant signs of the times, "sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will work wonders among you."

The great Cottage camp-meetings at watering places attract the most public attention, but they are few, compared with the numerous grove meetings held during the last two weeks throughout the country. The attendance upon these local gatherings has been smaller, but their exercises have been eminently spiritual and effective. We hear only favorable reports from them. It can be that the Church has been widely quickened. The results to be expected, throughout the great field represented by these numerous worshipping and earnest bodies, are general revivals, a great awakening on the part of Christian members, and faithful personal services in the Master's vineyard.

We have not heretofore copied the ungenerously and silly slanders which some of the Southern secular papers have spoken of Bishop Haven, but here is a selection so particularly funny that we cannot resist the temptation to permit our readers to enjoy it together with ourselves. The extract is scissored from the *Savannah News*, where a fraternal, monumental Church has just been commenced. We follow copy exactly in our print:

"Bishop Haven, the old rascal, who preaches in Atlanta and allows his daughters to ride out with buck negroes, is in to Kansas, lying about the people of Georgia." A very graceful and Christian complaint to an earnest and devoted servant of God!

The simplicity and utter avoidance of ostentation in writing the name and office of the Bishop, as above, and its absolute divestiture of all academic titles, remind us of an unfortunate item which crept into our columns, in the absence of the editor. An exchange, from which it was cut, affirmed that Bishop Haven, having already received a doctorate of theology, refused the honorary degree of doctor of laws from one of his mixed Southern colleges. The fact is, Bishop Haven has never accepted an academic degree, but declined it when proffered. He never voluntarily permits it to be associated with his name, but in his own paper, that it shall stand bare of all titles.

The toothsome bait thrown by a skillful politician, at the late O'Connell celebration, to our Irish population, in the shape of a prophecy that he would probably live long enough to see New England and the country governed by Irishmen (his assertion founded upon the profligence of this race, and the asserted dying out of the native American), has called out some very interesting statistical facts. In Boston, where the question admits of a fair trial, from reliable vital statistics (it appears that, while there are more births in Irish families, there are also more deaths in childhood, in proportion, than of the native American, so that the balance is well preserved. Taking the country through, the Irish emigration, although in some years it has been very large, holds but a small comparison with all the representatives from other parts of Great Britain and the European peoples. And as to the race question the Independent well says:—

"The truth is, that no race can gain any ascendancy in the United States except the American race; for as fast as the race of Irish, Germans, English, etc., become native to our soil they become assimilated in character also. Each race adds a flavor to the compound; but the mixture has qualities of its own, quite distinct from those of any of its component parts. Neither Ireland nor Germany will ever govern the country, because neither of them can pour into our national stream a torrent of immigration large enough to do more than give it a perceptible color, while the stream itself is constantly broadening and deepening."

A subscriber of the Independent writes to Mr. Bowen that he has given himself "unconditionally to God," which seems more than probable, for in the same note he desires the publisher to make up his account for back subscription to that weekly, with interest added, and he will arrange to pay it. That is what we call showing his faith by his works.

According to adjournment, the Methodist preachers of Boston and vicinity will convene in Wesleyan Hall, Monday, Sept. 6, at 10.30 A. M.

W. J. HAMILTON,
Asst. Secretary.

Salem, Aug. 25.

THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOOR SERVICES.

The modern camp-meeting has entered more widely into the current literature of the hour, this year, than ever before. All the leading newspapers of our chief Northern cities have had full reports in their columns from the various noted camp-grounds, almost every day, for the last two months. Certain extravagances, as offensive to most of the Christian worshippers present on these occasions as to the reporters themselves, have been severely criticized, but, as a whole, the meetings have been spoken of with marked respect, as exhibiting very few improprieties, and being usually characterized by devout and intelligent religious services, and often by discourses of the highest character and of remarkable spiritual power.

The somewhat secular and recreative character of a number of these meetings is a providential incident of the times. It is, in no measure, a significant sign of moral deterioration on the part of Methodist people. The difficulty of obtaining cheap boarding for a few months in the summer, and the utterly worldly as well as expensive character of the life in the noted seaside and mountain resorts, suggested, at first to several sensible families, a custom to pass a week under tents at Martha's Vineyard, that the introduction of a few family comforts would create an inexpensive summer home, away from the reign of fashion, under the best of religious influences. That a necessity for such an opportunity existed, is shown by the suddenness with which a city of little cottages arose upon this long-overlooked, but beautiful and healthful island. There was something so delightful in this quiet, unartificial life, in the absence of boisterous and vicious amusements, in the presence of a heavenly sanctuary, and the atmosphere it creates, that many families of other denominations, and many not connected with any religious community, desired to place themselves in the shadow of this Christian tabernacle, and to enjoy their rest from exacting toils under the same rare auspices. It is not to be wondered that, for the same reasons, almost simultaneously this class of summer retreats has been established in various parts of the country.

These are not camp-meetings, in the former signification of the term—not even the special week or ten days devoted entirely to religious services in connection with these sea-side villages. By the providential necessities of the case the character of the meetings has been changed. The old, large society tent, with its full delegation always present for social meetings (the great conservative instrumentality on such occasions, affording the most efficient personal service in the work of leading individual penitents to Christ) in the chief of these cottage villages is no more. The principal portion of the evangelical work must now be done in the great public meetings. The congregations are widely different. There are, perhaps, fewer of the lowest class present—the roughs, and intemperate vagabonds, that often strayed within the influence of these meetings; but there are immensely more of respectable people of all Christian denominations, and of no settled belief, but moving in the higher social circles.

Now, the compensations for the loss in such places of the highly spiritual services, with the great quickening of those in attendance, and the conversion of many persons whose attention might not have been otherwise secured in established sanctuaries at home, is an amazing broadening of the field.

I. It is one of the significant providential modes of the hour for bringing Christian people nearer to each other. The Vineyard Grove has been, for ten years, of itself a great national Christian Alliance. Without preamble or constitution, without formal creed or mutual explanation, with extraordinary heartiness and freedom, Christians of every name, from all parts of the country, have mingled together in common and delightful religious services. They have occupied a common pulpit, united in the same hymns, mingled (without either knowing his brother's Christian family name) in social worship, and labored without the slightest embarrassment in securing the spiritual welfare of all who were with them, and not in the enjoyment of a like precious faith. This camp-meeting has accomplished more in this direction than even the remarkable gathering held two years since in New York.

II. It should not be forgotten that at these meetings, with remarkable unanimity, Christ is held up in all His offices as a divine Saviour. Crowds of people who never attend such preaching, who have never been accustomed to hear orthodox views from orthodox lips, who have been prejudiced from their childhood against the Gospel as interpreted by such evangelists, and even against the preachers, as hard, and bitter, and lacking in the gentle tempers they have supposed to be only cultivated under a different form of faith, now hear the powerful, thoughtful, but melting and tender addresses of the noblest Christians as well as most persuasive preachers of the day. One discourse such as is often heard at the Vineyard, when from three to five thousand persons are listening, will, with the divine blessing, as it has a thousand times during the last decade, change the whole current of opinions in the minds of men as to the character of evangelical truth and evangelical professors. Probably there is no instrumentality at this moment in New England that is reaching a wider

circle of people who have come up with powerful prepossessions against orthodox views, so called, than the tabernacle meetings at the Vineyard. The only opportunity in their lives, and the most favorable of all opportunities, is thus afforded to see the actual personal influence, in countenance, speech and song, of mediatorial views of the divine Saviour of the world, and to hear the strongest, as well as sweetest and clearest, presentation of the experimental side of the Gospel of faith.

The one fact that seems to be without compensation, is the secular character that is given to the Sabbath by these meetings. The only thing to be said is, that it is no longer the camp-meeting that inspires the aversion of the railroad and steamboat proprietors. The summer resorts everywhere are made the occasion of secular labor on the part of public conveyances, and the meeting is the only quiet and sacred spot connected with them. The sentiment of the community has been so lowered upon this point that the railroads now run special trains, all over Northern New England, simply to hear Mr. Beecher preach; and as many people collect around the Twin Mountain House as flock to the most popular grove meetings. In some way this sanctity of the New England Sabbath has been strangely broken, and no civil or ecclesiastical barrier can now hedge it around so as to preserve its former absolute quiet. Closing of gates when the meeting is held upon the Sabbath avails little. Good order, as in our city streets on the Sabbath, however, can be secured by a wise and efficient use of the law and the magistracies of the land.

Without our seeking it, and beyond human ability to hinder it, these great summer resorts, under religious influences, have become important factors, entering for better or worse into the Christian culture of the hour.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S FRIENDS.

To the man who conducts his business on religious principles Christ brings special contributions of help and encouragement. We do not mean that general help that comes from the fact that He wields all natural forces and material agencies, but a personal, special guidance and inspiration. We must believe, moreover, there is no place on earth dearer to the Son of Man than the place where His children labor. His long experience of the trials and details of business makes Him an intelligent Counsellor and sympathetic Friend of every son of toil.

We are amazed that business men make so little of this inspiring fact, that Christ became flesh, and dwelt and toiled among us, showing us how God would do business were He in our places. He brought down the casuistry and very spirit of heaven into the affairs of men. He might have been incarnated in the body of a man thirty years old, and finished His work of redemption in three days as readily as in three years. No; He came a blessed babe, and traveled over every inch of our journey from the cradle to the grave, that He might put Himself in actual and experimental relations with us. He spent most of these years as a common laborer, and came into most thorough sympathy with this class. His whole life, then, is radiant with right impulses and practical suggestions. The footsteps of the Carpenter of Nazareth are still candescent, and flame with light, to guide us through the dark, busy hours of this life, up to our house on high, where we shall exchange the work-dress of earth for the robe and crown of heaven.

Paul says, "we have the mind of Christ." Had He a way of communicating His mind to Paul in his special work, and no way of doing the same to others of His followers who inquire at His hands? No! That disciple in whose heart Christ dwells has His mind in his affairs as really as Paul in his. The method of communicating it may differ, but the fact remains. He clears and strengthens his intellect, improves and corrects his judgment, dispels the carnal sophisms of trade, and raises him above false practices. He has a quickness of moral perception which amounts to an additional faculty, enabling him without debate to spring to just and honorable conclusions. He sees with His eyes, compares with His judgment, and shrinks with His virgin and instinctive sensitiveness from what is low or wrong. Christ, formed and kept within, endues the soul with such marvelous intuitional moral perception as amounts to prophecy, and enables it to see the evil afar off. Practical Christian life, you say, lies against this conclusion. So much the worse for the life. The truth remains, nevertheless.

The business man who does his business on religious principles has other friends. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness." "Light is sown for the righteous." The angel of the everlasting covenant, flying through mid air, sows beams and sprays of light upon the mind, judgment and path of the upright, as the sower scatters his seeds upon the furrows. God the Father, by His precepts and providences, by the dicta of conscience, pours light as of a noon-day sun upon all practical doubts and worldly ethics. Jehovah marshals every child of His that trusts Him, as He did His chosen people, with His magnificent *balcony* of alternate cloud and fire, through the wilderness of actual life. He will no more leave His praying ones in the bondage of modern business morality and doubt than

He would leave His chosen people to the cupidity and cruelty of Pharaoh. He led Joseph like a flock. Will He not lead every man who trusts Him and seeks His counsel? Verily!

Christ, moreover, before His crucifixion, promised His disciples to send the Comforter, who should lead them into all truth. How broad is this promise! Is it merely doctrinal truth, with which we have comparatively little to do? Or does it include conduct as well—the vast bulk of life? The latter, beyond a doubt. He sheds down His pure, disclosing light upon our daily life as really as upon the propositions of theology and our seasons of worship and devotion.

Such a godly business man has also the power and influence of prayer. "Whatever ye shall ask the Father in My name He will give it you," is a pledge broad as history, and pertinent to every necessity of man for counsel and aid. It opens direct communication between the mind of the disciple and the mind of his Father in heaven. It is of universal fitness, and bends into all the curvatures of life. Prayer is a powerful illuminer of the mind, and the best known fertilizer of business integrity. No one can rise from his knees, unless hardened indeed, and commit fraud, nor with the breath of prayer still fresh upon his lips go far astray. How many have gone to God, when in doubt how to act; when the carnal desires and visions of gain point in one direction and Christian manliness in another; when swayed between opposite poles, and struggling with powerful temptation—and asked for light and wisdom, and risen from their knees perfectly clear how to act. Prayer is like a strong west wind; it blows the fog and mist from the brain. We are sure that it is not until the disciple has laid aside prayer that he becomes a defrauder, or speaks his character or business record with any misdeed. This is what is the matter with our Christian business men. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, they have left their roll of prayer in some hill-side grotto, and Apollyon, the patron saint of much modern business, has them at a disadvantage.

One sultry summer morning, as we were standing by the sea-shore, the surface of the water was covered with a dense white fog, while a few feet above all was clear. Vessels were moving about in every direction, their hulls invisible, while their masts rose above the fog. How could they keep their course, and prevent collision? Presently we saw the pilot at mast head, above the mist and vapor. So must our business men have Christ at mast head, in order to steer safely through the moral fog which for the last ten years has been settling down more and more densely upon the sea of trade. We may have all technical and professional helps, but without Jesus on board we shall sink midway our passage.

We may recall a tortuous passage down some difficult channel, in a voyage we have undertaken. We seem ever after to see the solid form of the pilot, as he stood on the bridge and signaled the course. We still hear the voice of the second officer, as he passed the signal back to the men at the wheel, "Starboard your helm!" "Port now!" "Ease a little!" "Steady!" "Right on now!" With Christ on the bridge in clear weather, and at mast-head in the fog, we shall not lose our course, or collide with any principles of business morality. We have only to reverently listen to catch His voice, "port your helm!" "ease up!" "steady!" "right on now!" There will then be less business irregularity, less shipwreck of character and fortune, and the Church will not lie under the heavy disparagement now sometimes upon her. These, oh business man, are thy best friends.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

PIKE'S PEAK AND VICINITY.

A sudden passion for the attainment and exhibition of high literary art is apparently peculiar to high altitudes. Here, under the shadow of Pike's Peak, sheltered by an overhanging rock while the storm drives swiftly by, your correspondent is seated, and utilizes the compulsory detention until his cessation enables himself and companion to descend.

Pike's Peak is singularly inhospitable to visitors just now—snowing, hailing, and raining, as if to forbid their approach. Unless his severity relax, we shall depart this neighborhood without invading his proud and gloomy seclusion. There! a glorious burst of sunshine, falling on the descending shower below our feet, amply rewards the adventurous climb up these magnificent acclivities. 'Tis the first time, except at Niagara, that such a splendid phenomenon has been witnessed from above—at least by us.

Down in the valley, through which rushes the waving Fontaine-quibouille, is the little arbut covering the celebrated ferruginous Manitou Spring. Beyond are the sulphur, soda, iron-soda, and sulphur-soda springs—ten or a dozen of them, more or less—highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and all, like divine grace, free to all comers. No manufactured mineral waters were ever so pleasing to the palate, or so soothing to the gastric regions. Beyond and below them are the villas of the gritty and gallant Grace Greenwood and of the English Lord Standish. Through the superb coloring of the rainbow, one end of which rests in the valley, and the other on the mountain (beautiful symbol of that shining way which leads from earth to heaven), gleam the white hotels; and beyond them, again, over

that intervening hill, rise in massive proportions the Titanic mansions in the Garden of the Gods. Why such a title should be given to those unique masses of red, gray, and conglomerate sandstone, it is not in our power to conjecture.

There! speculation is estopped, for the nonce, by the wonderfully grand and vivid spectacle of two concentric rainbows, gilding the mansions referred to with a sublime and mysterious glory, significant of the splendor of a vanished age. The old Egyptian divinities were never lodged in temples so colossal; nor were the paints, yet so marvelously fresh on the walls of their forgotten shrines, to be compared with the gorgeous tints with which old Sol illuminates them. We cease to wonder that so many cultivated but seemingly erratic English people should have chosen these unrivaled solitudes for residence, and imagine that with wives and children we could be contented here for an indefinite period ourselves. If the restraints of a highly artificial civilization have galled our Britanic friends in the land of their birth, it is certain that here they enjoy all that makes civilization invaluable, together with that freedom from mere conventionality, and that intimate converse with "nature untamed," for which so many dwellers in cities continually pine, and pine in vain. At the new and beautiful town of Colorado Springs—a terrible misnomer, for there is no spring within five miles of the place—they and the other residents have erected one of the finest public school buildings in existence, and also an Episcopal and other Church edifices. They may, and do acquire considerable tracts of land, and stock them with numerous flocks and herds, of finest breed, and, presumably, make much money from them; but where the immense profits come in, we do not see very distinctly. All the English people have money when they come into the country, and spend it wisely and well. The more that come, the better; and the more money they make, legitimately, the better. There is undoubtedly a strong vein of erraticism (I do not remember whether Webster recognizes the word) as well as love of the sublime and beautiful in them, or they would not have come hither.

It takes an Englishman to do a really erratic thing. Yankees are first cousins, it is true, and are deeply tinged with the same characteristic bug, but no Yankee can beat an Englishman in doing queer and unwonted things. He was a Briton who lived in the hermitage on Goat Island; a Briton who donned full evening dress while running a stock ranch on the Plains; a Briton who built his cottage in the clouds of the Crystal Valley, above Manitou; and he and his first cousins, the Yankees, are the pioneers and citizens of Manitou and Colorado Springs. Both branches of the stern old race are well represented here. Untidily they have built up little towns and villages along the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, that would do no discredit to the most enterprising county in Massachusetts; together they are extracting bullion, by the million, every year, from the jealously-guarded strong boxes of the Rocky Mountains; together they are delving into the bowels of the hills, and bringing to light George Stephenson's "bottled sunshine," or the excellent black coal that supplies the railroad locomotives, the firebricks of the citizens, and the woolen and other factories of Denver; together, and with an admixture of many other peoples (Ah Sin and Ching Ling included), they will make the valleys resound with the hum of manufacturing industry, and these silent plains vocal with the rustling of plenteous harvests, and the bleating and lowing of many flocks and herds. Colorado, with its exhaustless mineral resources, its magnificent forests, its breadth of fertile, arable land, its facilities for successful manufacture of taxable and other fabrics, has an undoubted and wonderful future before it. Already the Red-Rock Territory, soon to be the Centennial State, boasts more miles of railroad, than all the other Territories and the State of Nevada combined, and also yields more of internal revenue than they.

The Plains, miscalled the Great American Desert, as seen from our rocky eyrie, stretch away for hundreds of miles into the far-off horizon. Glorious! glorious! is the oft reiterated exclamation, as, under the magic influences of sun and cloud, the panorama presents kaleidoscopic aspects of ever-varying, fairy-like beauty. Verdant and fresh as a Massachusetts meadow is the sea-like expanse of undulating buffalo range, which deceives the eye by its likeness to a mountain of unparalleled dimensions, as it recedes from our feet to the busy, anxious and careworn East. Whew! cold feet and cramped limbs chill our enthusiasm, and demand the vigorous exercise they will undoubtedly receive ere they reach the bottom. Thus far our letter from the heights.

Punctured by Spanish dagger, and pierced by luxuriant cacti, scratched withal by the chaparral, and besprinkled by dripping branch and grass, we rush down the yielding debris of the volcanic mountain, pausing occasionally to comment on erupted rock or stratified pile, whose remarkable conformation reminds us of Scottish fortalice or ruined baronial castle. Of course we refresh ourselves at the different springs, as we pass, and arrive at the guest-house of Mr. Hopkins, a live down-easter, in admirable rapport with the supper of buffalo beef and commoner luxuries that adorn his tables.

The space allowed to our effusion will not admit any detailed description of

Denver, the future mammoth city of the Plains, now only a promising burgh, of 30,000 inhabitants, all of whom have been collected in the past twelve years; of the three-feet gauge Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, that some playfully denominate the baby railroad, but whose accommodations are equal to those of the oldest adult, and which does what many a road of prouder pretensions does not, viz., pays the interest on its bonded debt, and dividends on its common stock, with commendable regularity. It ought to do it, for the directors tax each passenger at the rate of ten cents per mile, and all freight in proportion.

Readers should see in order to appreciate the castellated rocks, the college-capped pillars, the receding waters of some primeval sea have left in dignified reminder of former water, the ranches of the stockmen, the acquiescent (or irrigating ditches) of the farmers, and, above all, the cloud-piercing cones of these famous mountains. Mount Lincoln now bears off the palm for altitude, if not for the depth of its snow and the violence of its storms. Those of Pike's Peak are by no means despicable. The officer in charge of the signal-service station at the top has just stated that it blew at the rate of 135 miles an hour there on one occasion last winter, and that on another, when Boreas careered along at the rate of 92 miles an hour, the temperature (reduced to sea level) was only 78 degrees below zero! According to Dr. Kane, himself and associates must have had a struggle for life. He declares, however, that they were quite comfortable, and that they ate three square meals per diem, and slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

We had hoped to enjoy the company of Bishop Haven on part of this trip, but the damage wrought on the railroad by frequent rains frustrated all plans, and forbade the pleasure. We did listen, notwithstanding, to a most excellent and lengthy evening sermon from his lips in the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Denver, where we had the joy of holding forth the Word of Life in the morning. It may be interesting to the numerous readers of Zion's Herald to learn that he is looking admirably from a physical point of view; and it certainly will be to learn that now, as always, he is in labors most abundant, and that he is doing with great acceptability and efficiency the work of a truly apostolic Bishop. Long may his ruddy and cheery countenance gladden the eye and heart of Methodist preachers and laymen in this most prosperous of Territories. Georgetown, Black Hawk, Central City, Pueblo, etc., etc., have all been favored with his ministrations. Tomorrow, July 29th, he holds the annual session of the Colorado Conference, in the fine stone Methodist Episcopal Church of Central City. Methodism has a strong hold on the affections of Coloradans, and leads all denominations in numbers, wealth and usefulness. They spare neither labor nor expense in the race of usefulness, but do not come up to us. If they do, when all Methodists have been at work, and always at work, we shall not grumble, but redouble all efforts, and give God the glory.

R. WHEATLEY.

Editorial Paragraphs.

When the readers of Hubert Howe Bancroft's great work upon "The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America" examined the first volume, a noble octavo of eight hundred pages, and learned from its preface that four others were to follow, few expected that so elaborate a work could be continued and brought to a successful conclusion, preserving its high standard of style and scholarship, within a decade of years. But already the third volume, equal in size, exhibiting remarkable ability and exactness of information upon the most difficult subjects involved in the projected work, the mythologies and the languages of the various Indian tribes, from Mexico to the northern limits of the Pacific shore, is published, and in the hands of readers. The volume opens with a comprehensive and interesting discussion of the question of the origin of language, and the various theories held upon this subject. It then passes to the consideration of the earliest myths, and the origin of worship, the early Indian conceptions of creation, of the Creator, and of the invisible beings that filled the universe. Through several hundred pages the various religious systems and superstitions of the different tribes are fully presented—the Mexican religious rites at great length. The last two hundred pages of the volume are devoted to an exhaustive illustration, classification and vocabulary of the different native dialects. It is, indeed, somewhat monotonous and heavy reading, but of remarkable value and interest to scholars, as throwing light on many important questions now under discussion, relating to the development of spoken and written language, and to the comparative history of religions.

This undertaking of Mr. Bancroft is a remarkable exhibition of perseverance and enthusiasm, crowned with extraordinary success. In one of the most difficult fields of literature, without the advantages of an early liberal culture, amid the calls of a large business (which he ultimately surrenders, to yield himself, without embarrassment, to his great work), he commences the collection of his remarkable and voluminous library, covering a field of inquiry that seemed almost without limits. The arrangement of the vast amount of material, and the reduction of it into a manageable form, the clear and scholarly generalizations from his multitude of facts, and the simple and attractive style in which he has presented the results of his wide investigations, give a heretofore unknown name at once a conspicuous position among the historical writers and scholars of his generation. The work, when completed, will be one of great and permanent value; and while having special attractions for linguistic and philosophical students, it also has sufficient popular elements in it to hold the interest of general readers.

Success is not the highest possible aim for a political party, but it is a legitimate and honorable one, especially when the work to be done by the party is one which has for a purpose the conservation of the country and the improvement of society. The Republican party has had such a purpose. It came

into power when the nation was in peril. In the approaching campaign in our State the question which seems to make the success of the party uncertain is that which has reference to the position to be taken in relation to the liquor traffic. Three courses are open, and men are found to advocate each. First, to become the champions of license; second, to ignore the question entirely; and, third, to place the party fairly on the side of prohibition.

There are advantages in each of these plans, and it is well to consider them, and their relative value. By taking the course first mentioned, and committing the party in favor of license, it is probable that the votes of a large proportion of those who last year gave their suffrages against the Republican candidate would be regained. Two influences, however, worked to reduce the Republican vote last year. There were many men who sincerely believed license to be the best remedy possible for intemperance. They voted against Thomas Tallie as a matter of principle, and would doubtless be won back to the party by the adoption of the license policy. But there was another, and more powerful, influence—that of the liquor traffic itself. The liquor interest judged that it would be desirable to have a license law instead of a prohibitory law, and was lavish in the use of money and other means of persuading the people to gratify their wish. In one way and another many who had heretofore voted the Republican ticket were drawn away from it. With them there was no principle at stake. The protection of the liquor traffic was the only object to be attained. The vote of this class was a large one, and it is important to know whether it will be regained by the adoption of the license policy.

Such an expectation is unreasonable. The liquor traffic owes its first allegiance to another party. That party can bid higher for its vote than is possible for the Republican party. The traffic is not satisfied with the present law. It demands a removal of restrictions. It will present that demand to both parties. The party now earnestly seeking success by the adoption of the license policy to yield to it. It can point to the fact that in the Legislature this year the Democratic representatives and senators, almost without exception, voted against every restrictive feature of the present law, and can show that every one of the provisions which are obnoxious to the liquor dealers were inserted by the combined votes of the prohibitionists and a few license Republicans. They can demonstrate to the liquor traffic that, had Democrats been in the majority, the license law would have been exactly what the traffic desires. On the other hand, the Republican party can do nothing to win this vote. Promise as much as they may, they are not in a position to fulfill their promises. Two-thirds of the Republican members of the Legislature are always prohibitionists. Outside of Boston the Republicans elected but one Senator last year who voted to repeal the prohibitory law. With this showing it is absurd to expect that even with an avowed license candidate for Governor the votes and influence of the liquor traffic can be regained.

The second course seems to have more to commend it. Why not drop the issue for one campaign, and unite in electing the candidates of the Republican party? The reasons for such a course readily present themselves; those against it should be carefully considered. Among the most important is the fact that the proposition comes to the voters as a concession to the license party, and by refusing to vote for the regular candidate defeated the party. It is the request of men who placed a license law upon the statute book by voting the Democratic ticket last year. It is the demand of the victor that the defeated shall be crushed. Having accomplished their purpose, they now ask that the Republican party shall not undo the work they have performed. To ignore this issue is to consent to the maintenance of the license law.

The opponents of a license law can hardly be expected to yield such a consent. With them the issue is one of principle. They believe a license law to be not only unwise and impolitic, but absolutely wrong. To allow it to remain upon the statute book without a protest is to share the responsibility for its existence. To drop the issue is to put the Republican party upon a level with the Democrats. When there, it will offer no inducement, save a desire for mere party success, to the people to support its ticket. That desire, it has been fully demonstrated, will not draw out the mass of the Republican voters. To them a party is a means of obtaining success in a great principle, and they lose their interest in the party when the principle is ignored.

The third course has its advantages and its disadvantages. If the Republican party shall again adopt the prohibitory policy, it will doubtless lose some votes. But that is inevitable, no matter which course is pursued. There is no policy possible which will harmonize the existing differences. Men who believe in license and those who believe in prohibition cannot stand on a common platform. But the loss by this course must be far less than that by either of the others. The working of the license law is such that it will lose the votes of hundreds and thousands who voted for it last year. Its enforcement has been in the hands of its friends, and they have the best reason to bring it into disrepute. They have explained away its plainest provisions; have licensed victuals by hundreds, in order to make them eligible for grog-shop licenses; have licensed many of the worst class of establishments; have accepted bondsmen who were entirely irresponsible; and, worst of all, have, except in rare instances, failed to enforce the law. As a general principle, representing intemperance, the law has utterly failed, and drunkenness and crime have steadily increased under it.

The result cannot fail to be the same as that of 1868, when the people, taught by a similar experience with a license law, rose and swept it from the statute book. By committing the party to license, or ignoring the question, the party cannot fail to lose the votes of the Christian and temperance men of the State; by adopting the prohibitory policy it will retain them. It is inevitable that one class or the other shall be lost. The party must take its choice. Can it afford to lose the votes of the Christian and temperance men who have made the party what it has been? Can it afford to cease to be the party of principle, and become the party of policy? Is it not wiser to take a stand for the right? To allow the majority of the party to place it fairly upon the side of principle, and with a candidate and platform which will commend themselves to the best sentiment of the best citizens, appeal to them for support?

Judge Taft, an eminent jurist of Cincinnati, who has been very earnest in divesting the public school from every sectarian and even religious bias, has been powerfully aroused by the late important and temporary demand of the organ of the Archbishop in Ohio upon the Democratic party, to yield to their growing demands in reference to the sectarian supervision of public instruction, and made a fine speech, last week, in Cleveland. In it he says:—

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.
Sunday, September 13.
Lesson XI. John x, 1-11.
BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Leader. I Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;
School. 2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.
L. 3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out;
S. 4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and they follow him, for they know his voice;
L. 5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him;
S. For they know not the voice of strangers.

L. 6 This parable spake Jesus unto them; but they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them.

L. 7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

L. 8 All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers; but the sheep did not hear them.

S. 9 I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

L. 10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

S. 11 I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

For this beautiful allegory we are indebted to the arbitrary course taken by the Jewish rulers in the case of the blind man whose story is told in our last lesson. The hierarchy had haughtily used their power, and excommunicated him, and Jesus now solemnly excommunicates the unfaithful hierarchy. They had not rejoiced over this miracle of healing; they had offered no ascriptions of praise for this signal proof of God's presence and power; they have no congratulations for this man, born blind, but whose long night of darkness has been changed to the light of day. On the contrary, their behavior had been angry, contemptuous, and oppressive—not that of the true pastor of the flock, but rather that of the thief and the robber, who had climbed over into the fold, usurped the place of authority, and had ill-treated and scattered the sheep. The Chief Shepherd here exposes their true character, and employs the familiar and suggestive imagery supplied by the pastoral life of Palestine to illustrate many important truths.

St. John, in accordance with his plan of making the Judean ministry of our Lord prominent, omits entirely the parables given in Galilee, and recorded by the Synoptists (e. g., the parables of the kingdom in Matt. xiii.). This of the Good Shepherd, and another on the True Vine (both of them allegories rather than parables), are the only ones related by him. For interesting descriptions of Eastern shepherd life see Bonar's Land of Promise, p. 37; Porter's Giant Cities of Bashan, p. 45; Thomson's Land and Book, I, 301. See also Robertson's admirable sermon on "The Good Shepherd." The Old Testament descriptions of the false and the true shepherds (Ezek. xxxiv.; Jer. xlii., 1-6; Zech. xi., 4-17) should especially be read. Also see Hymns in Methodist Collection, 208, 701, 848, 849, 916, 972.

Verily, verily, etc., a words of solemn affirmation, introducing a statement of truth of the highest importance.

Entereth not by the door, etc. The sheepfold is an enclosed area, into which the flock is driven at night, for protection from robbers and beasts of prey. It has a door—an appropriate place of entrance and egress. The walls are not high, and evil-minded persons may scale them, but by this act of climbing over, their real character, as intruders, who have no right to the premises, is revealed. To apply the figure, "the fold" is the visible Church of God, both before and after Christ. Within its walls "the flock," the community of believers, find safety and protection. Christ is the "door," "the way" into the Church, alike for the shepherds and the sheep. The "entering in" is by faith and obedience. Only they who thus "enter in" are entitled to the privileges and protection of the fold.

Notice that in the first ten verses of this chapter Jesus is not alluded to as "the shepherd," but as "the door." From the 11th to the 18th verse He is described as the Good Shepherd. For a similar blending of images see Heb. ix and x, where Christ is set forth both as priest and sacrifice.

Climb up, etc.—forcing an entrance, from motives of pay or power.

A thief and a robber—whose purpose is to fleece, or harass, or butcher, but not to feed the sheep. Jesus here intimates to these spiritual robbers that they have no right in the fold, and no rightful authority over the flock. They have received no commission from Him to execute the office of a shepherd. He brands them therefore as thieves and robbers.

Robbers may turn shepherds; they may keep the sheep; but they guard them only for their own purposes—simply for the flesh and fleece. They have not a true shepherd's heart, any more than a pirate has the true sailor's heart, and the true sailor's loyalty (Robertson).

The shepherd—not he, but a shepherd is the true rendering. The term is generic, and refers to all faithful pastors. They show themselves such in entering by the door.

The sheep. These are not the mingled multitude of good and bad, but the real sheep—the faithful, who are what all in the fold should be (Alford).

The porter—the doorkeeper; or, figuratively, the divine Being, who in His providence and Spirit opens the way of entrance to His recognized ministry, to execute the duties of their office (so Bengel, Tholuck). See Acts xiii, 2; xiv, 27; 1 Cor. xvi, 9; 2 Cor. ii, 12;

Col. iv, 3; (for instance of shutting the door) Acts xvi, 6, 7.

Various interpretations: To the Holy Spirit (Lange, Stier, Alford); to Christ (Cyril, Augustine); to Moses (Chrysostom); to John the Baptist (Grotius); to the licensing power of the Church, when moved by the Holy Ghost (Whedon). Meyer, Locke, DeWette think that "the porter" need not be explained—that he is thrown in, to fill up the picture.

Sheep hear his voice. The shepherd's voice is recognized by the sheep, and His call obeyed. In like manner the invitations of the true pastor, whose loving care and fidelity have stood the test, are listened to and heeded by the flock over which he ministers.

His own sheep by name—those peculiarly His; certain individuals of the flock, endeared to Him, either by their docility or helplessness.

Bengel, those distinguished from the great mass of sheep by some special need; Lange, in the language of pastoral life, the bell-herders, who precede the flock, and are followed by it; Meyer, several flocks often found shelter in one fold, and though all heard the shepherd's voice, only his own followed each shepherd; Thomson, some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites, each of them having a name to which it answers joyfully, and the shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions, which he gathers for that purpose.

Leadeth them out—into the rich pasture lands of revelation, and by the waters of the river of life. For a perfect commentary on this verse and the next, see Psa. xxiii, Isa. xl, 31.

When he putteth forth. The sheep are timid at first, and linger behind, reluctant to leave the enclosure. A gentle force must be used to drive them forth. Lange and Grotius interpret these words as a prophecy of the approaching violent secession of Christ's followers from the Jewish fold. Says the latter, "the moment is come for Him to draw forth His own flock from the precincts of the doomed theocracy."

Goeth before them—to lead, not to drive them (as is the custom with the Grecian shepherds)—to guide them to the best pastures, and guard them from danger, and inspire them with confidence. The sheep follow their leader, submissively relying on his wisdom and protection, and quick to hear and heed his call—a suggestive type of the reciprocal relations between a Christian flock and its approved pastor.

See Ex. xlii, 21; Deut. i, 30; Mic. ii, 12, 13; Eph. v, 1. In Porter's "Giant Cities of Bashan," etc., pp. 46-48, occurs the following graphic description: The shepherds lead their flocks forth from the gates of the city. Thousands of sheep and goats were there grouped, in dense, confused masses. The shepherds stood together until all came out. Then they separated, each shepherd taking a different path, and uttering a shrill, peculiar call. At first the masses swayed and moved, as if shaken by some internal convulsion; then points struck out in the directions taken by the shepherds; these became longer and longer, until the confused masses were resolved into long, living streams, flowing after their leaders.

A stranger. Dr. Thomson (Land and Book, I, 301) vouches for the literal truth of this description. Other travelers also declare that the shepherd's voice cannot be simulated. In like manner the counterfeit tone and teaching of the unfaithful and undevout minister are quickly detected by the spiritual ear of the meek and truth-loving disciple, who shuns and flies from the unfamiliar "voice."

Alford says that "the stranger" is not a stranger shepherd, but an alien, "the robber" of verse 1. Whedon applies these words to the case of the blind-born in our last lesson. These would-be shepherds had shown themselves "strangers" whom the sheep would not follow. Barnes refers to it wandering ministers as compared with settled pastors; also to false teachers, proud and haughty, like the Pharisees.

This parable—more strictly, an allegory, or apologue. The word (*parabolē*) here rendered "parable," is not the same as that so commonly used by the Synoptists (*parabolē*). It means any saying which diverges from the common modes of speech. For other examples, see xv, 1; Matt. ix, 37, 38.

They understood not—failed to catch the drift and design of the teaching. So entrenched were they in their false authority, and so complacent and self-satisfied in their acknowledged position, as the religious leaders of the people, that they never dream that Jesus is here describing them as thieves and robbers. See Isa. vi, 9, 10; Dan. xii, 10; Matt. xiii, 13, 14; 1 Cor. ii, 14.

I am the door, etc. The allegory is here expanded, and, in part, explained. Jesus claims to be Himself the portal to the Church. Through Him we have access by faith to this grace wherein we stand (Rom. v, 2).

He is called a door; but take not the name literally for a thing of wood, but a spiritual, living door, discriminating those who enter in (Cyril).

Came before Me. The word "before" is equivocal, and has given rise to a great variety of interpretations. It may refer either to place (in front of), or time (previous to), or substitution (instead of). The meaning to us seems to be, "all who ever came, professing to be the door, before I appeared as the door," etc.

Various interpretations: Instead of Me (Lange, Lange); without regard to Me (Olausen); leaping over into the fold before taking the trouble to find Me, the door (Stier); previous to Me, i. e., the false teachers, and their father, the devil, who was the first thief to climb into God's fold, and made the first attempt to lead human nature before Christ came (Alford).

The sheep did not hear them. They may have worn the livery of shepherds, but at heart they were selfish and mercenary. The sheep did not follow them or obey their instructions.

Many such nominal shepherds had the people of Israel had in bygone years—rulers in whom the art of ruling had been but kingcraft; teachers whose instruction to the people had been but priestcraft (Robertson).—A spiritual instinct in believers enables

them to distinguish between true and false teaching (Ryle).

I am the door. Erasmus: "There is no safe entrance into the Church but by Me, whether you wish to be a shepherd or a sheep." See Num. xxvii, 16, 17.

Go in and out—a fine picture of the perfect safety and gracious nurture enjoyed by the true believer.

"Go in and out" is a Hebrew idiom, implying the habit of using a dwelling as a home, and expressing the habitual and happy intercourse of a believer with Christ (Ryle).

The thief cometh, etc. The thief's motive is plunder, and he scruples not to take life in the accomplishment of his purpose. Notice that "the thief" is not openly a thief. He is in the guise of a shepherd, but is a thief at heart. False teachers have no other purpose than to enrich themselves, whatever interest they may profess.

I am come, etc. The gracious purpose of our Lord, as opposed to that of the thief, is to confer life—true life, life in His highest, fullest, noblest sense—the very crown of life; and with this life, abundance (not "abundantly," as our version reads)—all superadded blessings, for soul and for body. These words mark the transition from Christ the Door to Christ the Good Shepherd.

I am the good Shepherd—the ideal, the genuine, the faithful, the true (the word *kalos*, here rendered "good," is almost untranslatable) Shepherd—the Shepherd of the shepherds and of the sheep.

Greeth his life, etc.—in sharp contrast with the "hireling" of the next two verses, who works for pay only, and therefore flees in time of danger, leaving the sheep to be torn by the wolf.

"He did no hireling's work. The only pay He got was hatred, a crown of thorns, and the Cross. He might have escaped it all. He might have been the leader of the people, and their king. He might have converted the idolatry of an hour into the hosanna of a lifetime, . . . but that would have been the desertion of the cause (Robertson). See Parable of the Lost Sheep."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, September 12.

1 Show the connection between this allegory and the miracle narrated in our last lesson.

2 Explain the imagery in verse 1.

3 In what verses is Jesus referred to as the Door, and in which as the Shepherd?

4 Explain the terms "shepherd," "sheep," "porter," and "stranger."

5 Why did the Pharisees fail to understand the parable?

6 What is the meaning of "came before Me?"

7 How is our Lord's purpose contrasted with that of the thief?

8 In what sense is Jesus the good Shepherd?

FOR THE S. S. TEACHER.

To instruct in the Scriptures, and from them, that parties may know the truth, and practice accordingly, is the first and last work of the Christian ministry, the Church, and the Sunday-school teacher. It ranks all others in its aims and results, in claims upon and use of human agency, and in God-power in union therewith. It is God's method of leading souls to Christ, and is sure. The Bible, man, and God are the divinely appointed forces for all the light, life and salvation this side of the grave. You are one of God's special agents in this glorious work—a privilege that should be craved, a position you would gladly honor, a duty you dare not shun.

Now, in the time of instruction you are to be instructed the mouth of God and the wisdom of God. Is not sound wisdom in sacred things then an important item? The trust, the work, results, and award, pressing into their service a thousand motives, each strong and wise, are like the voice of God, saying, "study, search, and re-search the sacred Scriptures. The discipline will be of such value, and the store of truth so profitable, your own soul will delight itself in fatness. And the germ-thought planted in the minds of scholars will produce fruit of rare beauty and priceless worth."

"Study" is a Bible term, touching personal insight into sacred things; "search," a wider range; "meditate," an after duty; "hid in my heart," the possession and disposal of the same. There would be less shrinking from the work if more time should be given to patient study for it.

Paul said to Timothy, "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth."—a workman whose work will bear inspection, and approved by the Lord, one item of which is "rightly dividing the Word of truth." For this study. This advice is as good for me as it was for Timothy—for you as for any Christian minister.

The more carefully a lesson is taken to pieces, the better it will be seen in its parts, and the better understood. It is the only way of obtaining a deep insight into the deep things of God, and will be of special interest even to children. Then the putting together again, accurately, part to part, will be sure to instruct, and therefore profit. For this study. Skill is more than a desirable attainment. The blessing of God is upon it, strangely inspiring, wonderfully prospering.

I know it must be so. The strong assurances of doing good, and the most good; of lodging truth in sure places, making wise, and leading to Christ, must be an inspiration, pure and strong, pressing to the best possible attainments and efficiency in this blessed work. To solid piety add solid wisdom;

to burning zeal, all possible skill; and the Word of the Lord will become "the power of God unto salvation." B. S. AREY.

The Family.

AT EVENING TIME.

BY META E. THORNE.

I saw a cloud rise slowly,
Athwart the glowing west,
Braided with fiery lightnings,
With dark and threatening crest.
Across the azure heavens,
All bathed in gold, and red,
And amber dyes of sunset,
The storm-cloud quickly spread;
Like bird of evil omen
It stretched its dark wings wide,
And soon in gloom enshrouded
The scene on every side.

But lo! the kindly breezes
Soon chased the cloud away,
And from the western heavens
I saw the last bright ray
Of sunlight gild its borders
With glories, as of fire,
Paint the whole scene with beauty,
Then grandly slow expire.

Dark Night, in sombre mantle,
Broods o'er the pulsing sea,
Shading the dusky mountain,
And wood, and dewy lea;
With stars like brilliant jewels
Her coronet is gemmed;
With broodery of silver
Her velvet robe is hemmed.

Sweet Peace, her gentle handmaid,
The sleeping earth doth bless,
Till dewy Morning wakens,
With many a soft caress.

'Tis thus that o'er our spirits
Of gloom and trouble rise,
And spread in gloom and darkness
Over our glowing skies,
Hiding from us the sunlight
Of love, and heaven, and rest,
We dreariness and sorrow
Bowling us to the dust.

But Faith, with gentle breathing,
The gloomy cloud dispels,
And to our hearts with gladness
Of love and trusting tells.
Once more we see the glory
Of golden sunset light,
That shines in shadeless splendor,
Then fades into the night.

But Hope's clear eyes are beaming,
Like diamond stars above;
To our bowed hearts she whispers
Kind words of joy and love.
Then, while the dusky shadows
Hover above our way,
In God we 'll trust securely,
Till dawn the fairer day—
The day of "busy resting,"
When cares shall flee for aye—
The morn of heavenly labor;
'T is coming by and bye.

WILL YOU HAVE AN ANSWER?

BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOMORE.

I stood in a telegraph office, a few days ago, directing a telegram to be sent in search of a lost article. When the operator was ready he asked, "will you have an answer?" I said, "yes." I was so relieved to think that I could get an answer in so short a time. I am accustomed to hearing many messages sent to God in prayer, but I have come to think that there cannot be much expectation of answers, at least of speedy ones. I think many persons would be at a loss to reply if asked what messages they had sent—what they expect the answer to be.

I was conversing, a short time ago, with a Christian on the subject of entire sanctification. She told me plainly she did not believe it possible to be entirely sanctified to God in this life. I replied, "Paul prayed, 'the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus;'" and it would seem he got an answer immediately. These spiritual wars, when in good order, work very quickly. In one place we read, "before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." It would seem that St. Paul received an answer very quickly to his petition for entire sanctification, for he immediately adds, "faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." I was greatly surprised to hear the same lady, who had so plainly expressed her disbelief in the doctrine of entire sanctification, at our next meeting, while leading in prayer, ask for "perfect sanctification!" Did she expect an answer? Not at that time, certainly.

This matter of not expecting answers to prayers is very serious. It came very near making an infidel of Rev. Mr. Finney, who has since been the means of saving so many souls. While studying law, in a country village, he attended a weekly prayer-meeting. He had neither known nor seen much of religion, and had no settled opinions about it. He said he listened with all the attention he could give to prayers so cold. In every prayer he noticed that they prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but no one ever spoke of having received this outpouring. On one occasion, having seen him so often at their meeting, the leader asked him if he did not wish them to pray for him. He replied, "no! I suppose," said he, "I need to be prayed for, but your prayers are not answered. You confess it yourselves!" He then began to search the Bible, and he found, as he says, the reason why their prayers were not answered; and he gives the reasons in a little tract, entitled "Prevailing Prayer." These sinners, whom we ask to "stand," if they would have an interest in our prayers, are no fools! If they see we do not get for ourselves what we want they will be slow to give us a chance to ask for them. There is no use in asking if you don't get what you ask for. The wonder is that we have kept at this thing of asking so long! It is about time we began to think whether we are going to

have the things we ask for! There must be some mistake somewhere; and certainly God is true!

Maybe, after all, we have not wanted the thing we have asked for. It might be embarrassing to some people to get answers to prayer. Certainly an answer to the prayer for purity would cut off some things we are now indulging in, and are not quite ready to give up. I think, if I had not wanted my lost trunk, when the question was asked me, "will you have an answer?" the sensible thing to have said would have been, "no! It will cost something for me to get an answer; never mind the answer!" And in that case I think the sending of the telegram to inquire after the missing trunk was useless.

And now the point we wish to make is, whether we had not better have less praying if it is not to amount to anything? We might as well spare our breath, unless we can say "yes" to the question, "will you have an answer?"

July 29, 1875.

THE MISSION OF THE FLY.

Why are flies? has been a perpetual query with housekeepers and persons who would take noonday naps in the hot weather. The question has been answered by Mr. Emerson, an English chemist, whose experiments are recorded in the *Scientific American*. In the light of that gentleman's investigations the fly assumes the position of an important friend instead of a pest to mankind.

Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted, after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird plucking its feathers. First, the hind-feet are rubbed together; then each hind-leg is passed over a wing; then the fore-legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now, the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food?

Mr. Emerson states that he began his self-appointed task of finding out whether the house-fly really serves any appreciable purpose in the scheme of creation, excepting as an indifferent scavenger, by capturing a fine specimen, and gluing his wings down to a microscope slide. On placing the slide under the instrument, to the investigator's disgust the fly appeared to be covered with lice, causing the offending insect to be promptly released, and another substituted in his place. Fly No. 2 was no better off than No. 1; and as the same might be predicated of flies 3, 4, 5, or as many flies, as the algebraists have it), Mr. Emerson concluded that there was something which at once required looking into. Why were the flies lousy? Meanwhile fly No. 2, on the slide, seemed to take his position very coolly, and, extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification, for wherever the lice were the trunk went. The lice were disappearing into the trunk; the fly was eating them.

He took a paper into the kitchen, and waved it round, taking care that no flies touched it; went back to the microscope, and there found animalcules, the same as on the flies. He had now come to something definite. The animalcules were floating in the air, and the quick motions of the flies gathered them into their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner, to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad-smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bedrooms or well ventilated and well-cleaned apartments, were miserably lean, and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms, and greedily devouring the same.

HERE AND YONDER.

A sermon may be obtained from intercourse with the very humblest mind. And there is a good illustration of this in Dr. Liechfield's interview with a poor land-hewer among the mountains of Ireland—one eleven or twelve years—poorly clad, no covering for his head, no shoes or stockings, but with a mild, cheerful countenance, and with a New Testament in his hand, keeping the gate of entrance to one of the richest and most magnificent views.

"Can you read?"
"To be sure I can."
"And do you understand what you read?"
"A little."
"Let us hear you;" and I turned his attention to the third chapter of the Gospel of John, which he seemed readily to find, and said, "now read." He did so with a clear, unembarrassed voice. "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi."

"What does that mean?"
"It means master. 'We know Thou art a teacher come from God, for no

man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him."

"What is a miracle?"

"It is a great wonder. 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee.'"

"What does verily signify?"

"It means indeed. 'Except a man be born again.'"

"What is that?"

"It means," he promptly replied, "a great change. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"And what is that kingdom?"
He paused, and with an expression of seriousness and devotion which I shall never forget, placing his hand upon his bosom, he said, "it is something here;" and then, raising his eyes, he added, "and something up yonder."
L. F. T.

TOWARD HOME.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Toward home the storm-tossed mariner
Speeds swiftly with the favoring gale;
With joy he hails his native shore;
Anchored, he furls his wind-worn sail.
Again he treads his own bright strand,
And leaves behind the ocean's foam,
The waves that sweep at God's command,
And greets the waiting ones at home.

Toward home the war-worn soldier hastes,
From fields where strife's proud symbols glow,
When battle's storm no longer wastes,
And war's red tide has ceased to flow;
For home, for country and for God
He dares the strife on blood-red fields.
Again he treads home's hallowed sod,
And finds the peace his altar yields.

Toward home the wanderer takes his way,
After the flight of swift-winged years;
With rapture sees his own blue bay;
And bright his native clime appears;
The skies, the hills, the domes, the spires,
That bless the land that first he knew,
With sudden joy his bosom fires;
Homeward he speeds to pleasures true.

Toward home, when evening shades of gloom
Are round his way, earth's pilgrim goes;
Beyond the pain, the dying strife,
Where the eternal morning glows;
A moment tossed on death's dark sea,
Then bursts on faith's uplifted eye
Land where the many mansions be—
The spirit's home, where none shall die.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

LITTLE BESSIE.

BY MRS. W. A. H. SIMMONS.

Our little Bess, with eyes so blue,
And face so sweet and sunny,
With silken hair of golden hue,
Our little maid so bonny.

She is as happy all the day
As any little flower;
She laughs and frolics, sings and plays,
Is never still a minute;

She's mama's "darling," papa's "pet;"
To all she is a pleasure;
And, though so full of mischief, yet
She is a household treasure.

She grandma's little "comfort" is,
And grandpa's "bunch of honey;"
And to her auntie truly is
Worth more than "mints of money;"

And ere we see the morning light
We hear her happy singing;
And, from the dawn until the night,
The air's with music ringing.

We'd miss the many little things,
The cunning ways about her;
For wearisome would be the days
And long the nights without her.

God bless our darling little one!
And long may she be given,
To cheer our hearts, our lives, our home,
Ere she goes back to heaven.

THOUGHTLESS JO.

One bright, crisp morning, in December, Etta Lewis tripped down the steps, to go to school, just as Jo Winthrop, who lived opposite, came out of the house. So the two walked along together, laughing and chatting about a grand sleigh-ride that they were to have the next day.


What did they care for the cold, that morning, just out from a hot breakfast, and so warmly clothed—Etta in her thick suit, seal-skin cap, and muff, and Jo in his Ulster.

As they turned the corner they came suddenly upon a very green specimen of humanity, in the shape of a small boy, who was leaning against the railing in front of a hotel, evidently regaling himself with the savory smells that came up through the iron gratings. His clothes were much too long and broad for him, his pants being turned up several inches, and tied with white strings; and his old hat had only half a crown. Now Jo was a very lively boy, and this spectacle was too much for him.

"Halloo, little ancestor! Whose grandfather are you? Why don't you take some of the extra length and width of your trousers and stop up the holes? You might make your everlasting fortune now by getting out a patent head-cooler, like the one you have got on. I should think you might go into the country, in warm weather, and let yourself out to the farmers for a scarecrow," said Jo, laughing so he could hardly stand; and Etta was as much amused, until she noticed that the poor little fellow was ready to cry, and looked half-frozen with cold.

"Oh, stop, Jo! It's real mean to plague him so. If you don't stop I'll never walk to school with you again."

"What does that mean?"
"It means master. 'We know Thou art a teacher come from God, for no



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